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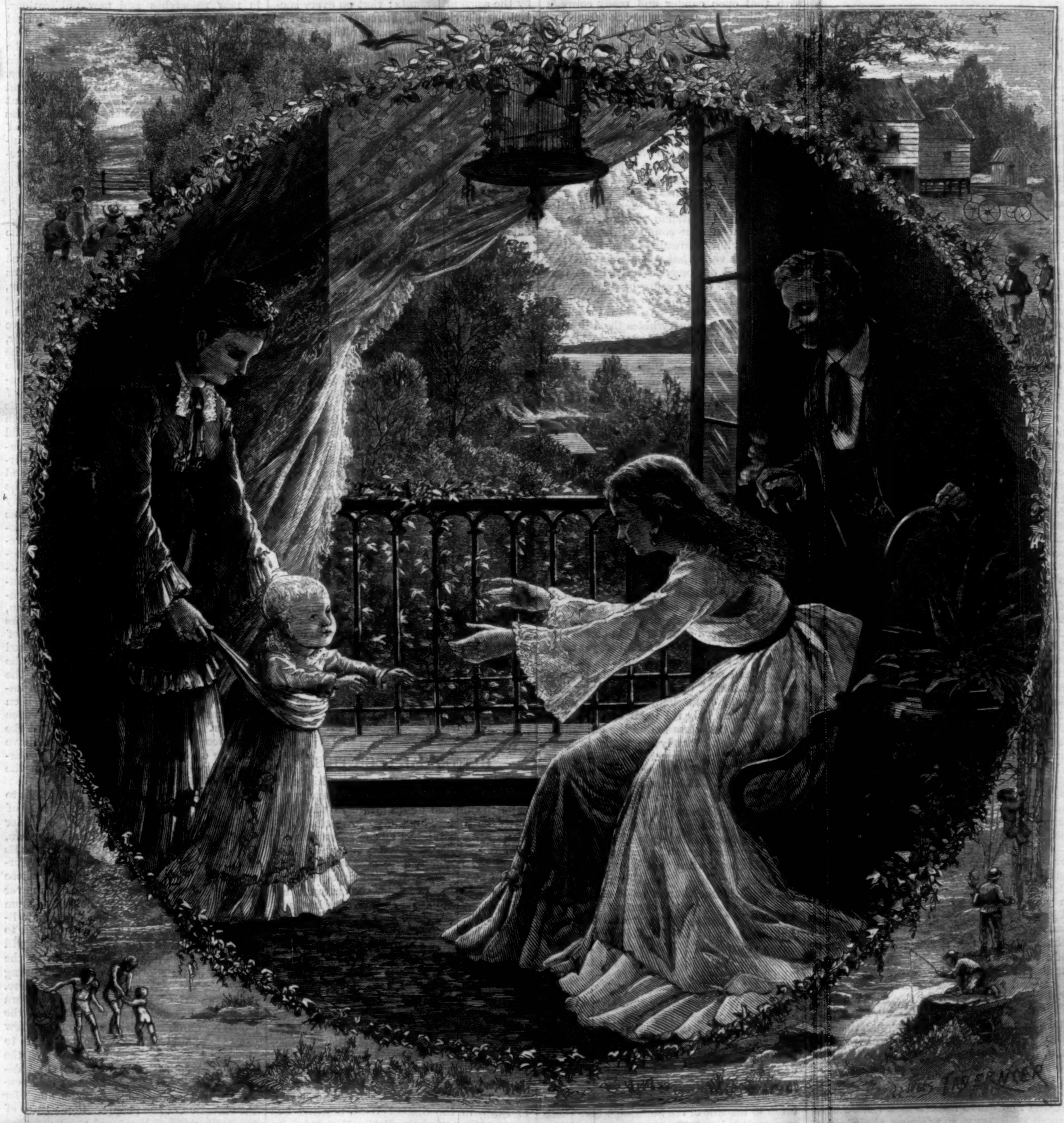
THE FIRST STEP.

THERE are three great epochs in baby life, and it would be hard to say which holds the highest rank in the nursery calendar—the first tooth, the first word, and the first step. All have been celebrated by poets in strains which will live as long as there are children to be loved. Without venturing to decide the question of relative importance, our artist has selected as the subject of the beautiful illustration on this page the epoch most susceptible of picturesque artistic treatment—the time when the child first toddles across the floor into the mother's arms.

As a rule, artists invade the nursery to select subjects for caricature; and it must be confessed that the field is wide and the provocation great. The *enfant terrible* is a legitimate subject for caricature; and perhaps the overfond follies of doting parents are no less so. But the greatest poets and artists take delight in contemplating childhood, and many of the noblest creations of genius have been inspired from this source. Every one, at some period of life, feels how true are WORDSWORTH's lines:

> "Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing Boy;
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows;
> He sees it in his joy.
> The Youth, who daily farther from the east
> Must travel, still is nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended.
> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day."

It is good for every one to look at children, to forget for a time the cares and burdens of the world in young faces, as yet unconscious of sorrow and innocent of sin.



SPRING-TIME—LEARNING TO WALK—FIRST STEPS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, May 24, 1873.

CIRCULATION ABOUT 150,000.

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SALMON P. CHASE.

Another of the able men who stood by the side of Lincoln through many a painful hour and scene has passed away. The Chief Justice who presided with such dignity and intelligence over the highest court of the nation is dead. Yet it is probable that Salmon P. Chase will be remembered not so much as a jurist, or even statesman, though he was eminent in both capacities, but rather as the trusted and marvelous financier, the modern Midas, who on the opening of the rebellion found the national treasury empty and the national honor lost, yet who soon retrieved both; who in the midst of a series of disasters won the confidence of capitalists at home and abroad, who soon began to fill the exhausted coffers with a perennial stream; who from abject poverty suddenly raised the nation to overflowing abundance; borrowed first millions and then billions; supplied profusely the cost of a destructive civil war by building up an enormous debt, and closed his unprecedented financial success in the midst of the triumph of order by providing the means by which that debt should be finally swept away. And all this was accomplished with such perfect fairness and integrity that no creditor of the state has ever complained that he did not receive full justice from the Secretary of the Treasury. And the nation rose from its deepest depression without a stain on its financial honor. Those who had aided it in the moment of its adversity were now rewarded by vast profits, and all who had bestowed their gifts upon distressed freedom shared in her new affluence.

Each of the men raised up by Providence to the defense of the nation at that important moment seems to have been so well fitted to his appropriate part as to show a rare diversity of eminent gifts. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Stanton, Grant, did each his several duty with a precision that enforces the idea of destiny, yet all were the true offspring of republican institutions, and were bound together by a singular resemblance. Like his fellow-leaders, Salmon P. Chase had made his way to the confidence of his countrymen by honest labor and ceaseless activity. As teacher, lawyer, politician, financier, he had always done his duty, and when the nation conferred upon him its highest trusts it felt assured that he would be true to all his earlier impulses. Of these one of the most powerful—perhaps the most strenuous of all—was his hostility to human bondage, his tender sympathy for the slave, his resolution to do all in his power to check or to destroy the growth of the destructive principle of caste. In no period of his career does he seem more truly great than when as a young lawyer he established himself at Cincinnati, where he had wandered from his native New Hampshire, and amidst poverty, the frowns of the wealthy, the opposition of all from whom he could look for business and advancement, boldly defied the temptations and the threats of slavery. Salmon P. Chase was known as the friend of the slave at a time when Webster, Calhoun, and Clay were, in different degrees, the supporters or advocates of the fearful traffic in men. His courage in those bright days of his youth was as eminent as when he stood by the side of Lincoln unmoved in the midst of the haunts of rebels. At Cincinnati he resisted and drove back a mob that was in pursuit of Birney, the famous abolitionist, and saved him from violence. He took up the cause of the slave girl Matilda when she fled across the Ohio, and, penniless and obscure, had no advocate but him; and when the Kentucky farmer, Van Zandt, shocked at the horrors of slavery in his own State, had also crossed the dividing river, and had made his farm near Cincinnati a refuge for the flying slaves, when he was arrested and tried under an early fugitive slave law, Chase defended the good Samaritan in one of those bold appeals that fixed at last the opinions of the West, and, perhaps, of the whole country. His mind was a fountain of noble and generous thoughts.

Philanthropist and Christian, patient, earnest, resolute, his life passed on prosperously; the feeble ideas which he had helped to sow in the Western intellect he saw grow into wonderful vigor. Ohio became the centre of the antislavery movement; Chase became one of its most eminent citizens. He was Senator and Governor. In all political combinations, for which he seems to have had a strong taste, he became one of the chief leaders; for politics he had a lasting passion; he was conspicuous in all the free-soil and antislavery movements, and though always a Democrat in sentiment, was never willing to sacrifice his principles to his party. At length came that fearful disruption of all party ties, in which every man was to choose between the past and the future, between union and anarchy; and then Chase, with that open candor and ready courage with which he had defended the trembling and friendless slave girl amidst a hostile community, with which he had rescued his friend from violence, or helped the persecuted and oppressed, placed himself in the front of the defenders of union. There was no faltering with him. He led on his State and the whole West to the rescue of the country. As member of the cabinet and financial leader, he has become one of the historic personages of his period. Nor would any picture of that decisive moment be complete in which Salmon P. Chase did not form a conspicuous character.

Hence it is not so much the Chief Justice or the eminent politician, the lawyer or the orator, for whom the country grieves, as for the friend who sustained it in its moment of trial, for the voice that was always cheerful in the period of danger, for the heart that ever beat true to the cause of freedom. It is by such labors that the citizen endears himself to his country. And in return, if he have faults, the country hides them in a decent veil, and dwells tenderly upon his patriotic services.

GOVERNOR KELLOGG AND THE ASSASSINS.

The moderation and good feeling, prudence and forbearance, with which Governor Kellogg and his supporters have controlled the affairs of disordered Louisiana have been repaid by the lawless portion of the population with unprecedented crimes. That Governor Kellogg represents the majority of the people, that if a free election could be held in the State to-day he would receive a still larger support than before, few can doubt. But the worst elements of the rebel faction, the vicious and indolent remnant of the party of slavery, have resolved to make Louisiana the seat of a new insurrection. In every Southern State exists this class of depraved and worthless characters, too indolent or too proud for labor, yet ready for any act of violence, maddened with whisky and accustomed to bloodshed, who are feared, hated, or despised by every honest merchant or mechanic, and from whom the South can only rid itself by patient severity. To this class is due the enormities that have been recently committed in Louisiana, as well as in several other Southern States. It has filled the country with riot and bloodshed. It has attempted an insurrection. It incited its allies at Colfax to their horrible deeds. It would bring upon New Orleans the guilt and perhaps the fate of Charleston. It has plundered the gun shops, beaten respectable citizens on the public streets, and completed its crimes by attempting the life of the Governor. It is plainly no better than a band of assassins claiming to be a political party.

Less and less tolerable are the accounts that come to us of the Colfax massacre, and the horrors of the dreadful scene make it worthy to stand beside the most shameful acts of human barbarity. From Colonel Wright's report, a member of General Longstreet's staff, we have some accurate details. The negroes had retreated to the court-house from the rude barriers which they had formed to defend themselves from the murderous rebels. It was Easter-Sunday, and they resisted successfully every assault until evening. Then Nash, the rebel chief, forced a colored man to hold a pine torch to the side of the building where there was no window. The fire spread, and the brave garrison, conscious that they must fly from the flames, waved white handkerchiefs, and made every symbol of submission. But as they poured out of the burning building, no longer thinking of resistance, and begging for life, they were shot down by the merciless Louisianians as if they had been dogs. No honorable enemy but is willing to accept the submission of a suppliant foe, but these barbarians were intent only upon extermination. Many of the colored people fled back into the court-house, and perished in its ashes. Many fell by the knives or bullets of the assailants. No quarter was given. Beneath the floor of the building, near the river, were found the bodies of six persons who had been shot in their hiding-place. One man lay not far off, dead, his hands clasped in supplication. Some were hacked and hewn to pieces.

And yet we have among us apologists for M‘Enery and his followers, who would even intrust Louisiana to their care, and expose every white or colored Republican to a fate like that of the garrison at Grant Parish! It is difficult indeed to understand so strange a delusion, or to read with any calmness the studied arguments that are offered to maintain it. No one can be unfamiliar with the long series of similar though perhaps less terrible deeds perpetrated by the brutal associations at the South. There is no one who does not know that in 1868 the colored and white voters were driven from the polls by the same miscreants; that on every succeeding election they have resorted to the same method of terrorism; or that, on the last, they had nearly succeeded in establishing their brutal tyranny over Louisiana. Whatever be the venial errors of the Kellogg government, it is stained by no acts of frightful massacre, and has striven to rule with humanity and moderation.

The insurgents on their way to their victims seized upon a Mr. Colhoun, a wealthy planter, who has always been an active Republican, and carried him away with them, intending, no doubt, to kill him. But reflection alarmed them; they released him after a painful imprisonment, and he escaped to New Orleans. No white Republican is safe from their murderous aim. No Union man can hope to live secure in the rural parishes so long as these lawless bands are permitted to wander over the State. The sooner they are suppressed by the most rigid and severe punishment, the better for the peace of the community, the honor of the nation. And we suspect the feeling that is being aroused in all parts of the country will never be satisfied until full justice has been awarded to every one of the authors of the Louisiana massacres. We think it likely, however, that the majority of the people of that State will join cordially in aiding the Kellogg government to search out and punish them; it is the plain duty of the wiser citizens to hasten to relieve themselves from the stain of complicity in the horrible deed. It will be dangerous indeed for Louisiana, fatal to its welfare, destructive to all its hopes of future progress, to pause for a moment in the course of punishment for all the guilty; and if it can be proved that M‘Enery and his followers had any direct share in the massacre, they should be the first to suffer. That they are indirectly its chief cause no one can avoid seeing. They had already set the example of defying the law. Nor can Louisiana ever hope to see its levees renewed, its great resources developed, its port filled with lucrative trade, until it has driven into obscurity the enemies of all industry, who teach lawlessness, and thrive upon the misery of their fellow-citizens. Scarcely will the Democracy of Louisiana ever again recover from the odium of this fearful massacre.

HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

The loss of so eminent a native historian as John Romeyn Brodhead naturally recalls the branch of literature to which he gave his life. The study of American history grows in interest as the years pass on. Events that once seemed commonplace, because too familiar, have now assumed the charm of distance, and are descried with difficulty; there is danger that many interesting incidents of the past may be lost, and that many problems once easy of solution will at length grow difficult and obscure. Hence, therefore, the value of the various historical societies that have sprung up in every part of the country increases with the lapse of time, and a new claim is made upon the industry of their members with each advancing year. No country has a more varied or more interesting series of annals than our own. Every portion of the Atlantic coast is stored with the memories of discoverers, settlers, soldiers, and statesmen, with colonial, Revolutionary, or republican traditions; and there is scarcely a newly founded city or State in the distant West, nestling beneath the crest of the Rocky Mountains, or rising upon the prosperous shores of the Pacific, that is not encircled with a history as interesting as a fairy tale.

To gather up all these valuable memorials is the pleasing occupation of our numerous historical societies. We believe there is scarcely a State or an important city without one. Nor can there be a more useful or agreeable way of passing leisure time for the man of business than to employ it in the study of our national history, in listening to the discussions of the historical society, and taking part in its researches. The subject is so large as never to grow tame, and demands an endless host of explorers. No one who gathers facts, however few or slight, for the store-house of American history is useless to his age; no one who saves a valuable document from destruction, or who restores to the light some lost collection of papers, but has been laboring for posterity. Nor can any one turn to a more genial or patriotic aim than that of elucidating the obscure points in the national annals, and teaching union, peace, integrity, and honor by the lessons of history.

We rejoice to feel that the study of American history is gaining new interest in every part of the Union, that historical societies are numerous, and historical inquirers often active and laborious. Yet we still think the subject has never received as much regard from the people as it deserves. We should be glad to see every historical society fertile in new researches and new publications. We think the productions of the historical students might be made the most attractive portion of our literature. We should be glad to see the liberality of our wealthy men bestowed in part on the historical societies. Their researches should be increased and their power enlarged. Then, as the eminent historians of the earlier generation pass away, they will be followed by a throng of disciples, allies, or opponents, all equally intent upon painting faithfully the achievements of freedom.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

When in 1851 Prince Albert, one of the most amiable and most republican of princes, opened the first World's Fair, and invited all nations to bring their rarest productions and finest works to a common exhibition, the generosity of his purpose touched the sympathy of the public no less than the novelty of his plan. His aim was to place himself at the head of the cause of labor, to do honor to the skillful artisan and the accomplished mechanic, and to cultivate throughout Western Europe a stronger interest than was known before in the arts of peace. Industry alone can heal the wounds of nations, and were all men engaged in profitable labors the danger of wars would be diminished, and the indolent and the unproductive classes would no longer be permitted to stimulate sectional rivalries, and prey upon the earnings of the frugal. The first World's Fair was, therefore, singularly useful. It excited the emulation of nations in the labors of peace. It presented to immense throngs of spectators the highest results of mechanical skill, and probably suggested many ideas that have since been fruitful in various branches of progressive industry. It was followed by a series of similar exhibitions—French, Irish, American, or English; and although the World's Fairs have not always proved the harbingers of peace, and the twenty years that have passed since their inauguration have witnessed the usual waste and madness of warfare, the carnivals of indolent license, yet it is impossible not to feel that they have been years marked by the progressive advance of labor. Wages, skill, emulation, and the influence of the industrious classes have risen to a remarkable degree, and the pursuits of peaceful labor have grown in the esteem of mankind.

Vienna once more summons the nations to do homage to industry, and on the banks of the historic Danube, almost on the border line between the Oriental and the European, in the ancient capital beneath whose walls was decided the contest that rescued Germany from the rule of Mohammed, yet whose luxurious and opulent indolence has never yet been supposed to be wholly free from Asiatic languor and a tinge of barbaric license, the children of labor are invited to display their skill. The new Exhibition will probably surpass every former one in the splendor of its equipments and the throng of its visitors. All Germany will be there. Russia and the East will meet the Western artisan, and even France will not avoid the neutral ground. Austria, within a very few years, has taught many valuable lessons to Europe: it has declared and defended the freedom of education, proclaimed the independence of the national intellect; it has enforced political reform, and done much for the elevation of the people. Some trace of the early spirit of Huss and the Bohemians seems to have animated once more the councils of Vienna; for the first time since the massacres of the Thirty Years' War and the extermination of the principles of reform in Austria and Bohemia, since Ferdinand, the Jesuits, and the Papal Church rode triumphant over bleeding Germany, the Austrian rulers have shown a sincere desire to spread liberal education, and to place their people in the ranks of the progressive nations. That reform which was stamped out by the bigotry of the seventeenth century has apparently left behind it some stray seeds that have vegetated in the nineteenth.

To attract the eyes of nations, to draw to their capital a throng of emperors, princes, priests, republicans, to make money from the curiosity of the multitude, to surpass Prussia, and to unite the national sentiment in a display of the various articles of native manufacture, are some, no doubt, of the mingled motives that have led the Austrians to lavish their not too abundant means in the production of the splendid show. They have ventured upon an enterprise that in a commercial sense may prove a failure. But in every one of their higher aims we have confidence that they will meet with an ample reward. It is labor and education that can alone civilize and restore nations. So far as Austria is desirous of pressing upon all its people the advantages of an industrious life, the necessity of public instruction, unsectarian and untrammeled by the priest, of a firm resistance to unjustifiable anathemas of papal Rome, a resolution to break away from all feudal prejudices in the effort to form a peaceful and prosperous nation, to preserve the repose of Germany for the benefit of all mankind, the Vienna Exhibition will have the full sympathy of every friend of progress. The spirits of Huss and Jerome will seem to stalk amidst its varied throngs, and the Protestant exiles of Bohemia and of Austria, the victims of Wallenstein or Tilly, we might fancy, have brought back their industry, frugality, and progressive ardor to the banks of the blue Danube. We may therefore hope that Germany, united against all foreign foes, secure in its immense physical and mental strength, will never again invite invasion by disunion, or sink into indolent languor, and that the cause of labor will triumph at last in its Teutonic home.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN ENGLAND.

A quarrel almost ludicrous has arisen in the English Parliament between the Irish ultramontane members and the press, which, however, has brought into new prominence several important questions. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has a more candid way of expressing its convictions than most English journals, accused the Irish ultramontane members of "venal agitation" and "traffic in noisy disloyalty." At once a Mr. Munster, an Irish member, arose in the House to demand the punishment of the incautious editor or the offending printer. He would apparently have them brought to the bar of the House and made to ask pardon on their knees of the sensitive Celts, or he might have required that they should be pilloried and imprisoned, as in the days of Walpole or of Harley. Mr. Disraeli attempted to turn aside the rage of the angry member by a witticism which was badly received. Mr. Gladstone said that the charge was "totally unjust and ill-founded;" the House evinced an implied censure of the newspaper; the *Pall Mall Gazette* apologized for its offensive language; and no English statesman seemed to see that Parliament had violated the liberty of the press in no slight degree in resenting the criticisms of an independent journal. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, no doubt, believed that the ultramontanes were "noisy and venal agitators," yet it will scarcely in future venture to say so.

The liberty of the press is, indeed, no more than the right claimed by the people to express their opinions freely and openly. They converse with each other through the public journals, and adopt or reject the sentiments they utter as if they were their own. To assail, therefore, the liberty of the press is to forbid men to tell the truth. It is an attempt to check discussion and limit the intercourse of nations. Of course the press should observe the rules of politeness and the restrictions of rigid verity; but it should at the same time be always ready to express its convictions openly and boldly, else the people will be left without the means of consulting with each other. The English political leaders seem not to have reached to this degree of tolerance, and liberals and conservatives have been equally aggrieved at the daring assault of the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon the purity of Parliament. It is safe to say that in England liberty of the press does not yet exist. By the English law a publication may be libelous even though it is true. An editor is not permitted to tell what he knows of the characters of his political opponents, and defend himself by proving the truth of his charges; he is confined to the use of certain phrases that are held to be not actionable at law, or must conceal his sharpest weapons in the guise of general platitudes. And hence it has always been the tendency of the English press to shrink from candid assertions, and to leave untouched and unknown the vices, the crimes, or the follies of their ruling caste.

Yet, notwithstanding the rage of the ultramontanes and the somewhat overstrained delicacy of English statesmen, we are convinced that the *Pall Mall Gazette* was right in expressing its opinions freely, and that the unusual sensitiveness of the Irish members is a strong confirmation of its charges. It is quite possible that they do not properly represent the people of Ireland. We have had something of the same nature in New York. Three years ago it was held a fatal breach of privilege on the part of a portion of the press to suggest that our rulers were dishonest, or that "respectable" citizens were aiding them in robbing the city. We have ultramontanes among us who denounced the candor of the reformers and the liberty of the press. But the union of a few active and courageous journalists soon exposed the whole system of fraud to the open day, and brought ruin upon its perpetrators. Such is the power of an honest press; so necessary is it for the people to insist upon being allowed to consult and unite together. But this the ultramontanes are determined never to permit. Of every grade and every kind, they are resolute to prevent the people from saying what they think of them. The "liberty of the press," said Pope Gregory XVI., is "impious;" said Pius IX., "it is ruinous." Even Mr. Gladstone had not a word to say in its defense. Yet several of the English newspapers have already taken up the cause of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the discussion of the question may lead to important alterations in the English law of libel. It seems possible that the American principle of perfect freedom of discussion may yet be adopted in England, and that each writer will be permitted to say what he thinks of men or measures without fear and with no uncandid reticence.

PERSONAL.

Of the many public men of the South who have been conspicuous during the last twenty-five years few have possessed so many qualifications of the practical and successful statesman as James L. Orr, our late minister to Russia. In 1848 he was elected a member of Congress, and re-elected two years later. During the Thirty-second Congress he was several times chairman of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and during the Thirty-third Congress he was chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs. He was chosen Speaker of the House upon the assembling of the Thirty-fifth Congress. As a member of the Southern Rights Convention, held in Charleston in May, 1851, he opposed the policy, while he maintained the right, of separate State secession. In the South Carolina Convention of December, 1860, he recorded his vote in favor of the immediate and separate secession of that State, and was soon after sent as one of a commission of three from the State to the government at Washington. He organized and led into the field a regiment of rifles in the Southern army, but was a member of the Confederate Congress from 1862 to 1865. He was Governor of South Carolina from 1866, two years. He was elected a judge of the State Circuit Court in 1870, and served with ability in that position until his appointment to the court of St. Petersburg. In the reconstruction of the State he has been a consistent conservative, and strongly advocated the re-election of President Grant in 1872. Originally he was, we believe, a printer, but from early manhood he was distinguished for intellectual ability and an aptitude for public affairs. The South could scarcely boast a better man.

—General Wade Hampton has recently been giving testimony in reference to the burning of Columbia, South Carolina, for the purpose of vindicating himself from charges made against him by General Sherman. Before the war General Hampton was one of the richest men in the South. He is now said to be residing in Baltimore as president of an insurance company, with a salary of $3000 per annum.

—English people in Parliament are apparently less diffuse than our M.C.'s. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, in making his recent financial statement to the House, occupied precisely an hour and three minutes.

—Surgeon-General Barnes, of the United States army, was one of the three nominees for a vacant corresponding membership in the Paris Academy of Medicine last month. The ballot, however, resulted in the election of Mr. Prescott Hewett, a British surgeon of eminence.

—Mr. Richard T. Greener, the first colored graduate of Harvard (1870), has joined the editorial staff of Mr. F. Douglass's *New Era* newspaper at Washington.

—Ex-King Amadeus is writing a book that will aim to treat, 1st, of Queen Isabella's régime; 2d, of the interregnum under Prim; 3d, of the Hohenzollern incident; and 4th, of the two years' reign of Amadeus. It may interest a few who are curious about failures, but to the general public it will be rather tough reading.

—Father Boem, now ninety-eight, recently preached in Asbury Church, Wilmington, Delaware, and referred to his having preached in that city seventy-three years ago.

—The recent death of Mr. William G. Hamilton, an estimable gentleman, recalls the fact that when the scheme of mutual life-insurance was lately under discussion at the Stock Exchange, one of the arguments against it was that the payment of $10,000 at every death would operate unfairly against the younger members of the board. The plan was adopted, securing $10,000 to the representatives of any member dying. Three deaths have followed in quick succession, and the ages are forty-five, twenty-nine, and thirty-four.

—Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, has been complimented by the officers and attendants of the United States Senate to the extent of having a life-size crayon bust portrait of himself presented to the Redwood Library at Newport, they paying the expense. It is a good thing, and was drawn by Mr. Frank Thorp, a young artist from Ohio.

—Henry Ossian Flipper (good name, the first two-thirds), a colored boy of Atlanta, Georgia, has been appointed to a cadetship at West Point. The Atlanta *Sun* says of him: "This is the son of 'Flipper,' the well-known boot-maker of Atlanta. He has been at school here for five years, and has studied Latin and Greek, and the first six books in geometry, and at this time stands first in the class. He is tall, stout, intelligent-looking, and converses very well, and is far above the average of his race. He is an octoroon, with light eyes. He solicited the appointment, and as there was no other applicant, he had an easy thing of it."

—The Earl of Shaftesbury, at a recent meeting of the Turkish Aid Society in London, paid this tribute to the American missionaries: "The opinion which I have always entertained with regard to American missionaries is confirmed to-day. I have always said they were, to my mind, a marvelous combination of piety and common-sense. Every thing they have written and said strengthens the opinion I have ventured to express."

—For boys: Benjamin F. Murphy, the young man who has just won a cadetship at West Point from the First Congressional District of Illinois, was brought up as a farmer's boy. He had no schooling till he was eleven. He attended a night school in Chicago, and drove an express wagon during the day. His family removing to St. Louis, he there attended a public school for nine months, working out of hours on a farm to pay his board. Then he fell sick, and had to leave school and take to farm-work for two years, studying by himself at night. After this he became janitor in a public school, so that he could study regularly, eking out his income by lighting street lamps. He has for the last two years been driving a hack in Chicago, supporting his sister till she could take a teacher's certificate. Albeit somewhat rusty after his hack driving, he passed a highly creditable examination, defeating fourteen other young men, and winning the cadetship.

—"What's in a name?" is a question that is frequently asked in a tone of contempt. There's a good deal in it, and of it, in Southport, Connecticut, where dwells a man called Scheikughwaukilati. Persons who go about with poor memories should be sorry for that man.

—The funeral services of Bishop M'Ilvaine at Westminster Abbey were noticeable not merely for the marked respect paid to the memory of the deceased prelate, but as indicating a growing sentiment of brotherly love between English-speaking people. Among the mourners who followed the body up the nave of the Abbey were the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishop of Peterborough, General Badeau, Rev. Newman Hall, and Arthur Kinnaird, M.P. Among those who carried the pall were Mr. Moran, secretary of legation, the Earl of Harrowby, Dr. Guest, and Rev. John Sumner. Bishop M'Ilvaine was consecrated in St. Paul's Chapel in this city on the 31st of October, 1832, nearly forty-one years ago. At the same time were consecrated Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, now presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, and the late Bishop Hopkins, who was presiding bishop at the time of his death, January 9, 1868. With the exception of Bishop Sumner, formerly of Winchester, England, who retired in 1869, when he was succeeded by Bishop Wilberforce, and Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, he was the oldest Episcopal bishop in the world. Bishop Sumner was consecrated in 1826, and is now eighty-three years old.

—George Herbert's admirers will be glad to learn that eight poems of his hitherto unpublished have been discovered, and will be published at once. It is said they will throw some light on his religious opinions.

—Dr. Reid, the celebrated medical writer, put it rather neatly. He was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," said she, as she quitted the room—"No. 1 Chesterfield Street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish ever to forget number one."

—Herr Engel, president of the Statistical Office, Berlin, and Dr. Kapp have made a calculation of the amount lost by Germany during the last sixty years in costs of education and training of persons who have emigrated to America. The conclusion is that the five milliards paid by France scarcely indemnify Germany for the capital it has thus lost. According to the same calculation, the rich harvest of adult subjects gathered by the United States each year from Germany has advanced the development of the American nation by half a century.

—Dean Alford lies buried, according to his wish, beneath a yew-tree in St. Martin's graveyard. These words, his epitaph prepared by himself, are engraved on his tomb: "*Deversorium viatoris Hierosolymum proficientis*"—"The inn of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem."

—The Countess Teresa Spaur, in whose company, in 1848, Pius IX. fled in disguise from Rome to Gaeta, died a few days ago at Vienna.

—General Paez, who died in this city on the 6th inst., at the age of eighty-four, was a short, stoutish man, very slow and graceful in his walk, always neatly—in fact, rather daintily—clad, and for many years was one of the best-known persons met on Broadway. He was a gentleman of varied ability and culture, a capital conversationalist, whose modest sketches of incidents in his own career were given with dramatic effect. Entering the Venezuelan army in 1810, when twenty years of age, as a common soldier, he rose rapidly, and in six years was made a general. He became associated with Bolivar, and the two from that time carried the war forward until its end in 1824. In 1830 he was elected President, and re-elected in 1838. He then retired to private life, but was recalled in 1848. In the strife of 1850 he was forced to fly to the United States. In 1858 the Venezuelan Legislature invited him to return, which he did, and in 1860 he was accredited as minister to the United States. After holding this position a year he returned, and remained until some six months ago, when he again came to New York, and here died.

—Mr. F. M. Charrington, of London, one of a firm of brewers of large wealth, having become satisfied that beer-making is a business that is bad, has withdrawn from the concern and become an active advocate of total abstinence.

—Dr. Mackenzie Bacon comes into print saying there is no such thing as "softening of the brain," as some physicians apply the phrase to persons of declining intelligence. He states that of all the cases received into his asylum with this diagnosis, in not a single one was such lesion of the brain found to exist on *post mortem* examination.

—Some person who has hitherto kept his name a secret has been astonishing London by gifts for charitable purposes. Recently in one week he gave away $50,000. It is said he is one of the nephews of the late Richard Thornton, who left about twenty millions of dollars.

—One Marche, who fought under Blücher at Waterloo, now dwells peacefully in Kentucky.

—Ex-Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, one of the ablest lawyers in the United States, has been retained by the farmers of the West in the suits brought against the Illinois Central Railroad for ejecting them from the cars and refusing to accept the rate of fare provided by law. The contest between the people of the West and the railways has already assumed portentous proportions and strength, and can scarcely fail to produce results of vast importance.

—Mr. Layard, the British minister to Spain, has had the satisfaction of receiving from that government $27,000, being the indemnity which was paid for the release of two Englishmen—Mr. Bonnell and his nephew—captured by Spanish brigands May 21, 1870.

—Mr. John Bullock, of Bristol, Rhode Island, although one hundred and four years old this month, continues to be jocular. Recently he had an attack of pneumonia, and when convalescent remarked to one of his sons, "That was a severe attack; if I'd been an old man, I guess it would have fetched me."

—Mr. D. R. Locke, better known as "Petroleum V. Nasby," proposes to dwell permanently in New York, though he will retain his proprietary interest in that bright and profitable paper the *Toledo Blade*. Although old Mr. Toledo long since disappeared from the newspaper arena, his blade is kept in perfectly keen and cutable order.

—Mr. Delane, editor of the London *Times*, will beam upon America during the summer solstice.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York State Legislature is still busy, and an extra session is threatened. In the Assembly, on the 5th inst., resolutions were passed giving a joint committee power to confer with the United States select committee upon transportation routes to the seaboard. The Local Prohibition bill (not excepting cider or lager-beer) passed both Houses. The Assembly passed a bill prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons, including razors. Decoration-day (May 30) has been voted a holiday by the same House. The Senate has passed two bills supplementing the New York charter. The Assembly has recommitted the Usury bill for amendment. The nominations by the Governor of Commissioners of Emigration were confirmed by the Senate on the 7th inst. They are classified as follows: For six years, Henry A. Hulburt and George Starr, of New York; for four years, Daniel Maujer, of Kings County, and George A. Quintard, of New York; for two years, Edmund Stephenson and George T. Forrest, of New York.

The Board of Aldermen of this city have confirmed Mayor Havemeyer's nominations of commissioners as far as made.

The new charter for the city of Brooklyn has passed the Senate.

The Board of Indian Commissioners, meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, adjourned finally on the 5th inst., after fully indorsing President Grant's peace policy.

Edward S. Stokes has been refused a new trial by the Supreme Court. The case will be taken to the Court of Appeals.

The authorities in Boston and Chicago are following up the liquor dealers sharply. In the former city all the retailers have been warned by the police to comply with the new law, and in the latter preparations have been made to close all the saloons.

The business portion of the town of Trenton, Louisiana, was destroyed by fire on the 6th inst., involving a loss of $300,000.

Five car loads of government soldiers passed through St. Louis on the 7th inst., on their way to fight the Modocs.

Over fourteen hundred Apache Indians have surrendered at Camp Verde.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The resignations of the Italian ministers have been refused by the King of Italy, and the ministry therefore continues in office.

Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, of the French navy, is dead.

Père Hyacinthe recently officiated in a private building at Geneva, before 1200 people, all of whom have suffered excommunication as a consequence.

The British House of Commons has refused to equalize political representation.

The Earl of Zetland died in London on the 6th inst., at the age of seventy-eight.

The number of the Carlists in the north of Spain is said to be rapidly decreasing. The total rout of the revolutionists under command of Dorregaray is officially announced. A son of Don Enrique has taken command of the Carlist forces. General Nouvilos is to remain in Madrid as Minister of War. The Spanish government is reported as preparing a vast amount of paper currency to be forced into circulation.

The Duchess of Madrid has been refused a residence in Switzerland.

The Emperor William of Germany was shot at by a priest while holding a review of the Russian troops. The ball passed through his helmet and wounded an adjutant.

Greece has abolished all her foreign legations excepting at Constantinople.

The Khan of Khiva has released the Russian captives, and demanded the withdrawal of the Czar's expedition.

A railway accident occurred near Pesth, by which twenty persons were killed and forty wounded.

The Dutch government has asked the Chamber of Deputies for 5,500,000 florins for the Achen war.

The police of the city of Mexico have been ordered to prohibit Jesuits living in societies in Ajaca. A number of members of the order, charged with preaching disobedience to the constitution and laws of the republic, were to be arrested, but on receiving the information they fled to places of refuge.

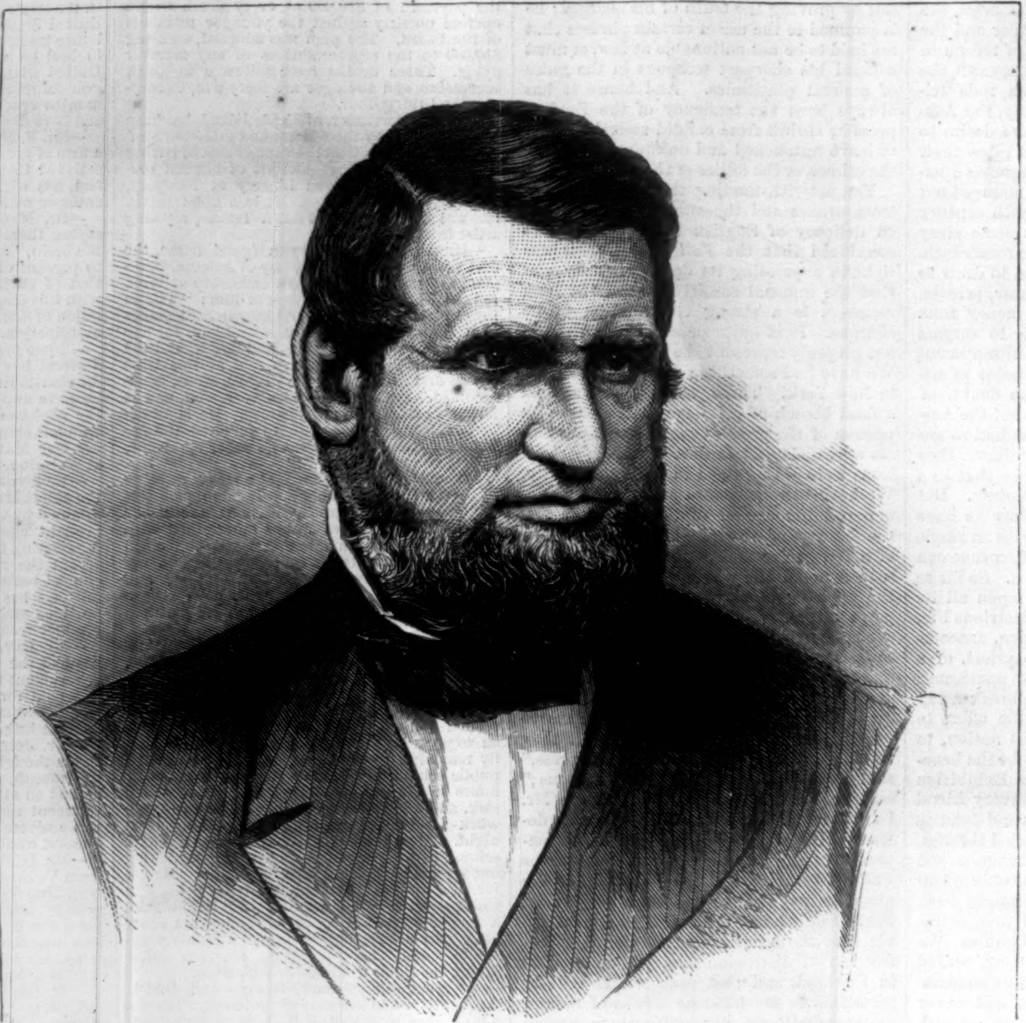
THE LATE HON. OAKES AMES.

The Hon. Oakes Ames, Representative in Congress from the Second Congressional District of Massachusetts, died at his home in North Easton, in that State, on Thursday evening, May 8, from the effects of a paralytic stroke with which he was attacked a few days previous. Mr. Ames was born in Easton, Bristol County, Massachusetts, on the 20th of January, 1804. He received the ordinary public school education of the New England lads of that period. Early in life he became identified with the manufacturing interests of his native State, and for nearly half a century has been an active business man, of late years having been largely interested in various railroad enterprises.

Mr. Ames made his first appearance in the political field in 1860, when he was elected a member of the Executive Council of Massachusetts, and he was re-elected the following year. In 1862 Mr. Ames was elected a Representative to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and served on the committees on Revolutionary Claims and Manufactures. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he was placed upon the committees on the Pacific Railroad and on Manufactures. He was also reelected to the Fortieth, Forty-first, and Forty-second Congresses. Mr. Ames was a Republican of strong convictions, and during the trying hours of the late civil war his votes in Congress and his action outside of his official duties were all on the side of the Union cause.

Mr. Ames was a large-hearted and very generous man, and during the war gave largely of his private means to the work of equipping and aiding the Massachusetts soldiers in the field. His benefactions will long be remembered by the people among whom his life was passed. Mr. Ames was little known to the general public until, during the last session of Congress, his name became associated with the Crédit Mobilier scandal. The last scene in his public life occurred on the 13th of March, when he returned to North Easton and received a public ovation. He was presented with an address, and, displaying his usual pluck and dry humor, he said that the committee had made the singular discovery that he had the extraordinary ability to bribe men, without their knowing it, to do something of which they knew nothing. With this reception his public career closed.

Mr. Ames had been complaining of illness for several days preceding the fatal attack; but on the Monday previous to his death he was so much improved that, in common with his friends, he felt that he had recovered from his sickness. At half past three o'clock on that day he returned from Boston, whither he had gone in the morning, and where he had dictated several letters to an amanuensis, and had attended to business matters. After his return home he was attacked at about half past five o'clock by paralysis. From nine o'clock on Tuesday morning his consciousness grew feebler and feebler. Wednesday found him failing rapidly, and he so continued gradually to sink until death ensued.



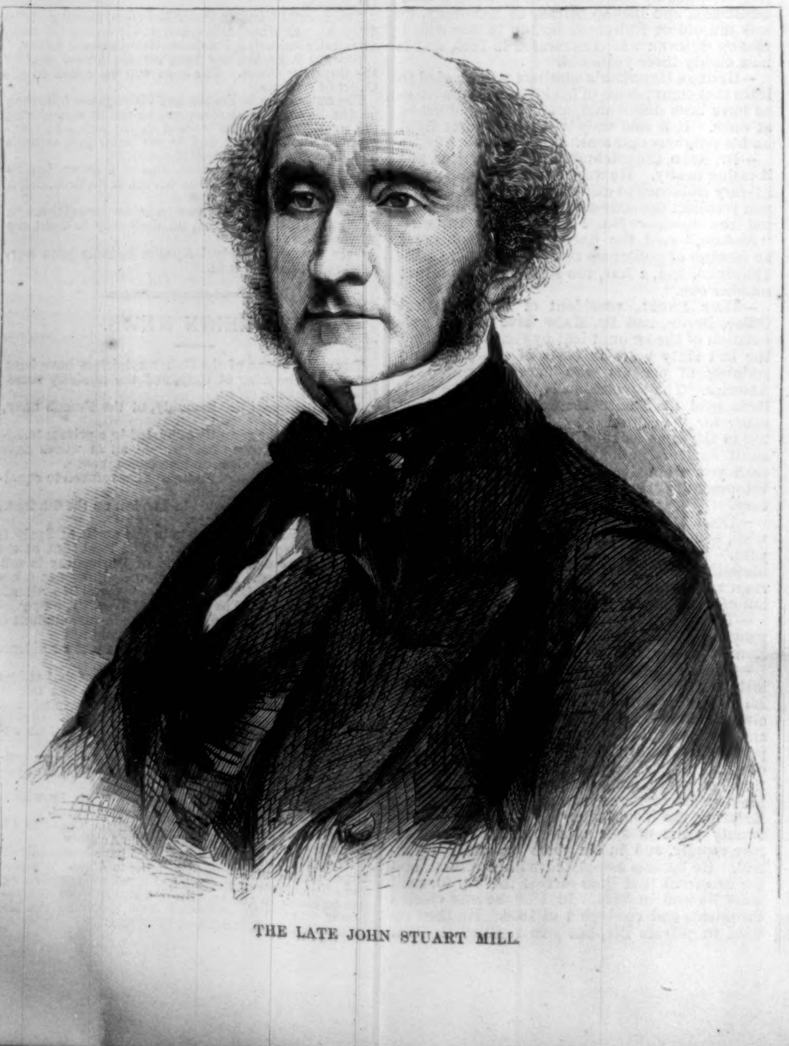
THE LATE HON. OAKES AMES.—[Photographed by Gardner, Washington, D. C.]

THE LATE JOHN STUART MILL.

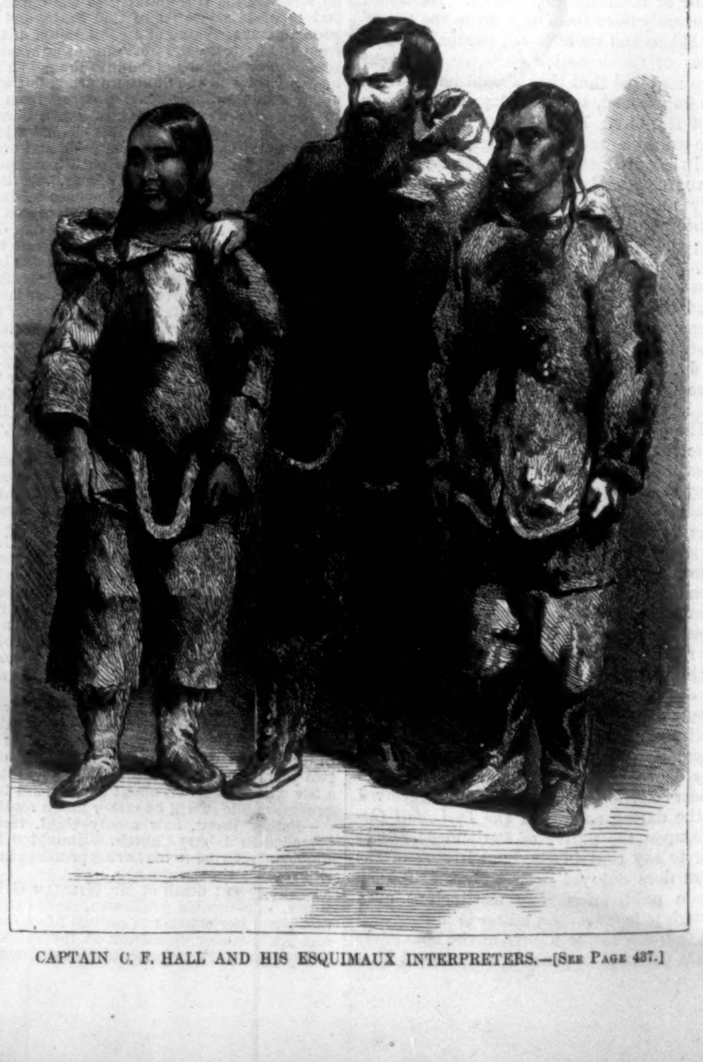
John Stuart Mill, one of the foremost thinkers and statesmen of modern times, died at Avignon, France, on the 8th inst., at the age of sixty-seven. He was born in London on May 20, 1806. His father, Mr. James Mill, was a few years later appointed corresponding secretary of the East India Revenue Department, and in 1823 the son became his assistant. It was a stirring time. The question of Parliamentary reform was agitating the whole country, and evoking the most powerful utterances that had ever been heard in the country—Brougham, Russell, Bowring, Grote, Southwood Smith, Hume, Horner, Romilly, Bentham, Colonel Thompson, and many others, being found on the side of the popular party, into whose arms John Stuart Mill unreservedly threw himself from the very first.

In 1843 appeared the famous *System of Logic*, which was followed, in 1848, by the *Principles of Political Economy*, in which the doctrines of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and other leading economists were interpreted in a broad and enlightened spirit. In this work Mr. Mill treats of the laws of production, capital and labor, property, competition, slavery, peasant proprietorship, wages, remedies for low wages, profits, rent, value, money, credit, paper currency, distribution, taxation, etc. But the most remarkable chapters are those in which he describes the probable future of the laboring classes. He is an advocate for education in its fullest and widest extent, the political enfranchisement of women, free trade, industrial co-operation, the extension of the franchise, and of all measures which have for their object the improvement of the social, moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the people.

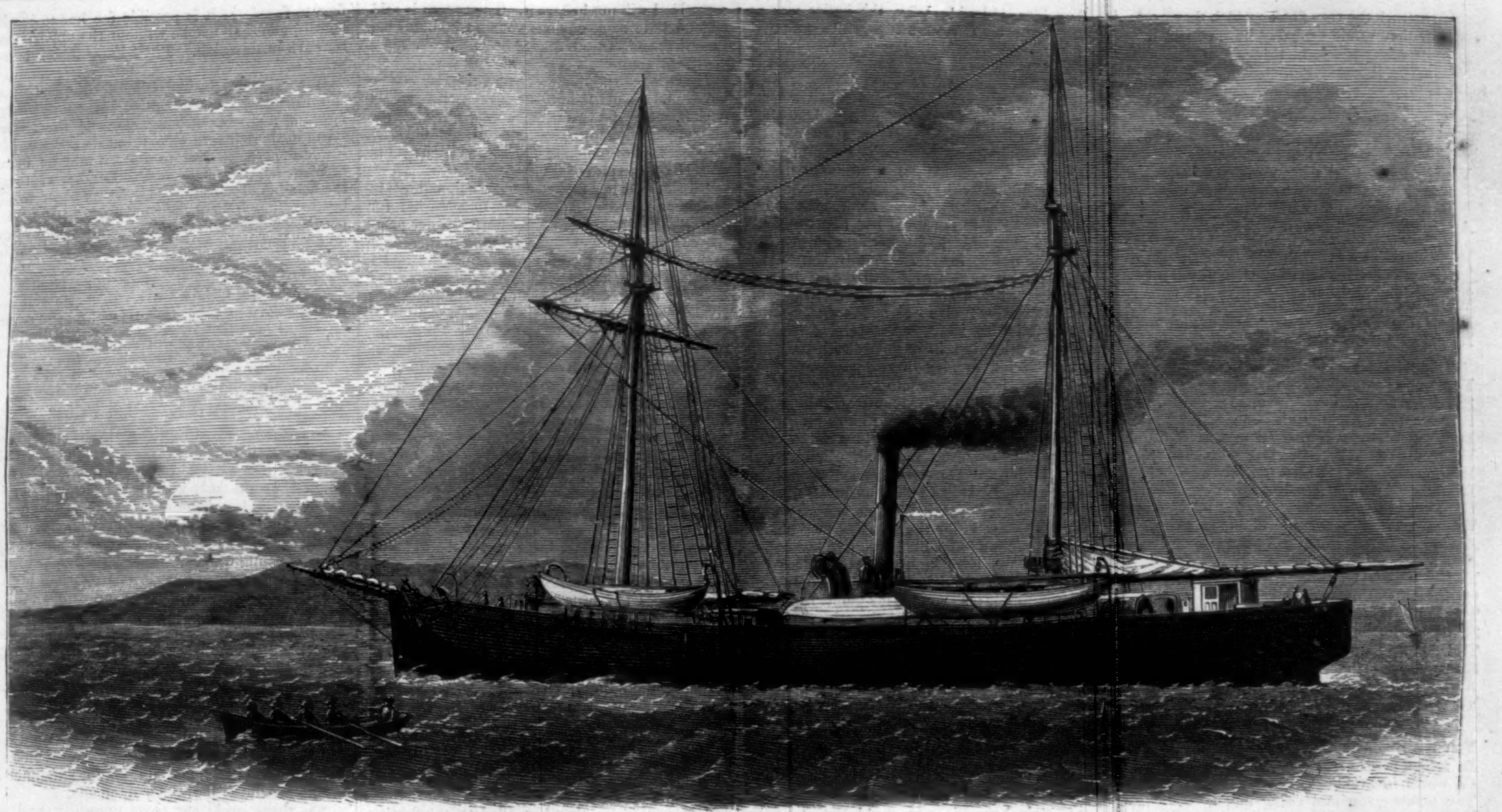
In his *Essay on Liberty*, published in 1859, Mr. Mill feelingly alludes to the loss of his wife, who had been the partner and often the guide of his literary labors, and whose death for a long time clouded with sorrow the sunshine of his domestic hearth. But his mind could not long remain unoccupied with its favorite pursuits, and the *Essay on Liberty* was speedily followed by others on *Representative Government* and *Utilitarianism*. He also published a collection of his *Dissertations and Discussions*. These works are, however, far from representing the whole of his literary labors. His work on political economy has been translated into French, German, and Italian. He was elected a member of many learned societies, and had various honorary degrees conferred on him; but while appreciating the feeling which prompted the bestowal of these marks of popular approval, he showed that he did not covet title or applause, but to retain the proud distinction of being one of the foremost advocates of those principles which would secure "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Like all orig-



THE LATE JOHN STUART MILL.



CAPTAIN C. F. HALL AND HIS ESQUIMAUX INTERPRETERS.—[See Page 437.]



CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION—THE "POLARIS."

inal thinkers, he could not fail to find many differing from the views entertained by him; yet so pure and unblemished was his personal character that, whatever may be the diversity of opinion respecting the soundness of his doctrines, the name of John Stuart Mill will always be regarded as that of one whose pen was ever ready on the side of freedom, enlightenment, and progress.

In 1865 Mr. Mill became a member of Parliament; but his career as a legislator was not successful. Men greatly his inferiors overmatched him in debate, for which he was unfitted by training and mental peculiarities, and in 1868 he retired. After the death of his wife, which soon afterward occurred, he resided at Avignon, where she was buried, and where he raised a monument over her remains, which, up to his last days, he constantly visited and tended with the most affectionate devotion.

ANOTHER ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

The melancholy tidings of the failure of the last American arctic expedition, and the death of its heroic commander, Captain Hall, have been received with painful interest by the whole country. The expedition sailed from this port on the 29th of June, 1871, in the steamer *Polaris*, which had been expressly fitted out for this perilous voyage of discovery. She was prepared for her work with an unparalleled degree of care and forethought. All that art and science could provide was furnished, and she sailed under happier auspices than any other expedition that ever started for the northern seas.

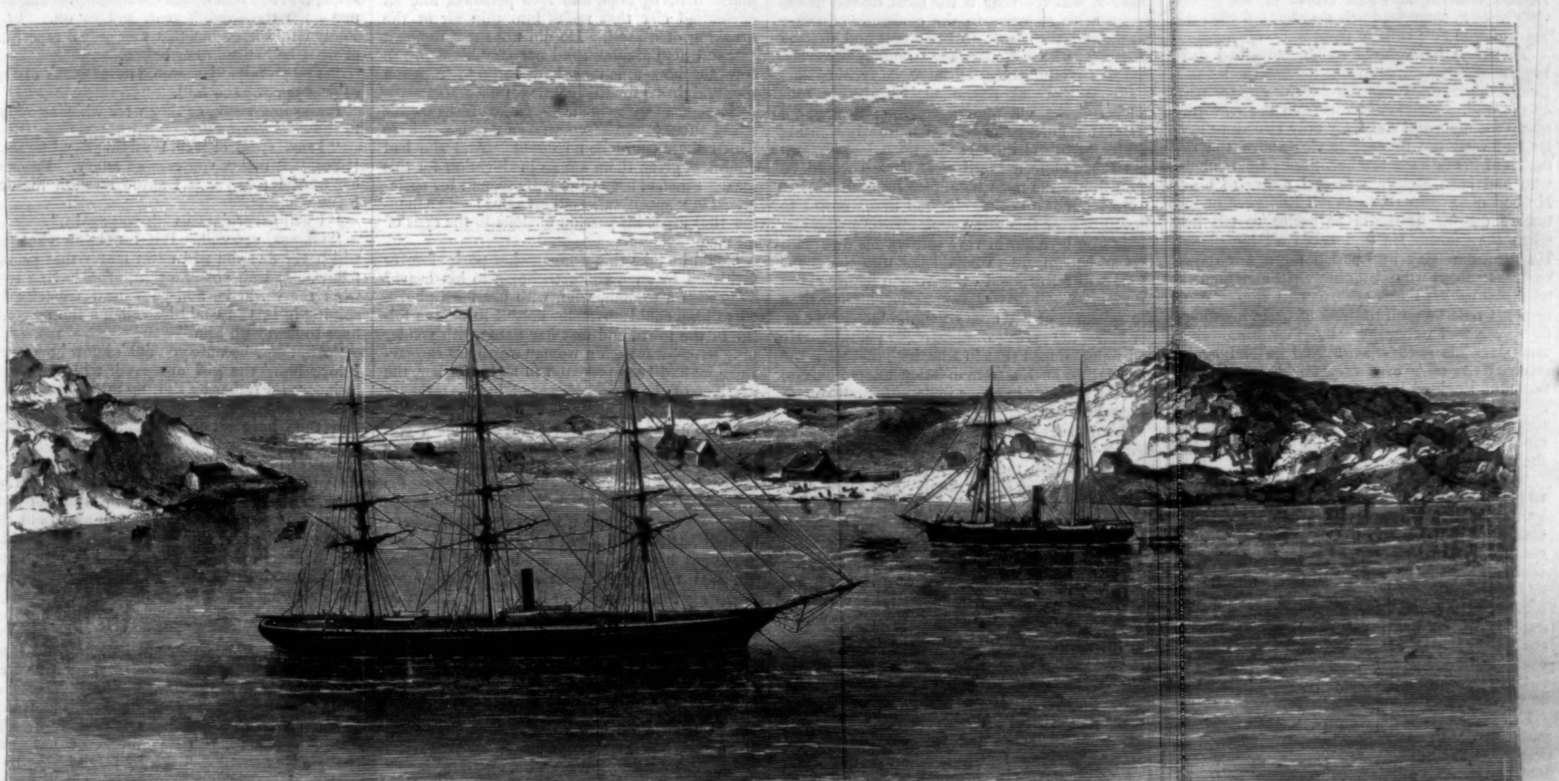
The *personnel* of the expedition comprised Captain Hall; Captain S. O. Buddington, sailing-master; H. C. Chester, chief mate; William Morton, the famous discoverer of Kane's open sea, second mate; Dr. Emil Bissels, chief of the scientific corps; R. W. Bryan, astronomer and chaplain; Frederick Meyer, meteorologist; Joe, Esquimau, interpreter and general assistant; Hannah, Esquimau, interpreter and general assistant; Puny, daughter of Joe and Hannah; Hans Christian, dog-driver, hunter, etc.; wife of Hans Christian, three children of Hans Christian, and a complement of experienced under officers and seamen, making in all thirty-nine souls.

The *Polaris* was met at Holsteinberg, Greenland, by the transport *Congress*, from which she received the remainder of her stores, and on the 17th of August, 1871, weighed anchor and steamed away toward the unknown regions. In April, 1872, advices from Newfoundland brought intelligence that the *Polaris* put back to Greenland in February through stress of weather, and to get a further supply of coal and provisions. Captain Hall's last dispatches received in this country were dated on board the *Polaris*, at Tossac, or Tus-sus-issak, Greenland, August 24, 1871.

On the 9th inst. news arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, that the steamer *Tigress* had put into Robert's Bay with nineteen survivors of the expedition, including Mr. Meyer, the meteorologist, Assistant Engineer Tyson, eight of the crew, Esquimau Joe, interpreter, Hannah and child, Esquimaux, Hans Christian, of Kane's expedition, and Hans Christian's wife and four children, the youngest only eight months old. They tell a pitiful story. The expedition wintered at Polaris Bay, latitude 81° 38′, longitude 61° 44′. On the 8th of November Captain Hall died of apoplexy, and was buried on shore, where a wooden cross was erected to mark his grave. He had recently returned from a northern sledge expedition, in which he had attained the latitude of 82° 16′. He seemed in his usual health, and had called the crew into the cabin to encourage them with hopes of future rewards, and stimulate them to renewed exertion, when he was suddenly struck down and expired, to the great grief of those around, to whom he had endeared himself by his kindness and devotion.

On the 12th of August, 1872, after a fruitless boat expedition, the *Polaris* left winter-quarters. The ice was heavy, and the vessel drifted in a southern direction. On the 15th, the ship being under heavy pressure and leaking badly, they commenced landing provisions on the ice; but while they were engaged in this work a heavy gale drove the *Polaris* from her moorings, leaving on the ice the party just brought back by the *Tigress*. When they last saw the *Polaris* she was under sail and steam, making for a harbor on the east side of Northumberland Island. She had a crew of thirteen men on board, under command of Captain Buddington, and a plentiful stock of provisions, but no boats, the only two remaining of the six with which she left New York having been landed with Mr. Tyson's party. Her bow was somewhat damaged, and the survivors believe they will be unable to get clear until July, and even then they may have to make new boats to effect an escape.

Mr. Tyson's party made many fruitless attempts to reach land, but were compelled to live a hundred and ninety days on a floating field of ice, drifting over fifteen hundred miles, and subsisting on seal, bear-flesh, and birds. On the 1st of April they were able to quit the ice. Toward the end of that month they succeeded in launching their boat, and worked their way toward the coast of Labrador. On the 30th of April they were picked up by the steam-ship *Tigress*, Captain Bartlett, in latitude 53° 35′ north, longitude 55° west, or near Wolf Island, and about forty miles from land. The *Tigress* fell in with the party in a dense fog, and provi-



The Congress. *The Polaris.*

THE "POLARIS" AND "CONGRESS" AT GODHAVEN, DISCO ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND.

dentially struck the very floe on which they were; otherwise they would probably have perished.

Great anxiety is felt in regard to the fate of the *Polaris*. There is too much ground to fear that she may never be heard from again.

A SPRING DAISY.

WHITE daisy in the growing grass,
  Now I have lost my winter fear—
  Pure promise of the budding year,
And pleasures that shall come to pass.

Of summer and the sun you speak,
Of childhood with its healthy cheek,
Red-ripening lips and sweet glad eyes,
Where truest love untainted lies,
Where beauty laughs, and passion shows
Its color like an opening rose.

  Pink-lidded harbinger of spring!
You tell of swallows on the wing—
Swallows that are ever roaming,
Sailing, sinking in the gloaming,
Dipping to streak the silken stream
Upon whose bank young lovers dream
In dim seclusion; where the beech
Bends over with a graceful reach
Unto the water's shelving brim;
Where swarms of shininig minnows swim,
And glide among tall taper reeds,
And under waving folds of weeds.
You speak of bluebells in the wood,
Of fruitfulness and fairyhood.
The lady-smocks with faint blush stain
Shall line the brown paths of the lane;
The butterflies and spring-time noise
Shall bless the hearts of merry boys;
And western winds shall smooth the curls
That shade the eyes of happy girls.

  Gold-crested herald of the spring!
You tell of blackbirds that shall sing
In secret plots of freshened green;
Of walks in evening dusk, between
The sinking sun and rising moon,
When trees are full of leaves in June.

White daisy in the growing grass,
  Now I have lost my winter fear—
  Pure promise of the budding year,
And pleasures that shall come to pass.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER V.

> "Et je songeais comme la femme oublie,
> Et je sentais un lambeau de ma vie
> Qui se déchirait lentement."

MR. FORDE had come up from Scotland on the 10th of July, intending to surprise Elizabeth by his unexpected appearance in Eaton Place. He had fancied her bright look of rapture as she came into the room and saw him, after having been told only that a gentleman from Hawleigh wished to see her—the look she had given him so many times during the brief happy fortnight that followed their betrothal; those happy days in which they had enjoyed for but too short a space the privileges of plighted lovers, had walked alone together on the dull March afternoons, when the curate's labors allowed him such a blessed interval, and had talked of the future they were to share—a lowly destiny, but with the light of true love shining upon it.

Thus had he thought of his betrothed during the tedious journey from the North, tedious though he traveled express for the greater part of the way. He came fresh from the performance of a mournful duty, for only two days ago he had read the funeral service above the remains of his father's brother, the bachelor uncle who had been almost a second father to him. He had not even written to tell Elizabeth of his uncle's death. It would be easier to tell her when they met. He had made all his plans. He meant to stay in London for a few days, while Elizabeth wound up her visit, and then to take her back to Devonshire with him. And then it would be time to think of their wedding-day. He was richer by some four hundred a year since his uncle's death, and he had lately received the offer of a very fair living in the north of England. Since he had surrendered his old heroic idea of his ministry, and had determined that his lines were to be cast in pleasant places, there was really nothing to hinder the realization of his wishes.

Only when he was rattling along in a cab between Euston Square and Eaton Place did he bethink himself that Elizabeth would, in all probability, be out. It was nearly nine o'clock, and she went out so much, as her letters informed him. He could hardly hope to be so fortunate as to find her at home. And then he reproached himself for this childish foolishness of his in wishing to surprise her, instead of telegraphing the announcement of his advent, as a sensible man would have done.

"Do love and folly always go hand in hand?" he wondered.

His forebodings of disappointment were fully realized. "Not at home," said Mrs. Chevenix's single-handed in-door servant—a man whose pompous bearing might have impressed strangers with the idea that he had an under-butler and a staff of accomplished footmen for his vassals. "Not expected home till late this evening."

Mr. Forde had alighted from his cab, and stood in the stuccoed porch, despondent.

"Have you any idea where they're gone?" he asked.

Any idea, indeed! Why, the butler was as familiar with his mistress's engagements as that lady herself.

"They are gone to the hamachure theatricals at the Rancho, Mr. Cinkmarsh's place, at Fulham."

"Amateur theatricals!" repeated Malcolm, hopelessly.

"Yes," replied the butler, who was of a communicative disposition; "my missus's niece, Miss Luttrell, hacks the principal character; and my missus's maid, as has seen her rehearsaling, and has gone down to dress her this evening, says she do hack wonderful, jest like the regular thing, only not so low. It's a pity you didn't buy a ticket, Sir, as you're a friend of the fambly."

Private theatricals, and his wife-elect the centre of observation! He was not strait-laced or puritanical in his ideas, but this performance hardly seemed to him in harmony with the part she had elected to play in the drama of life. But she had been minded to taste the cup of pleasure, and she was evidently drinking its strongest waters. She had told him nothing of these amateur theatricals—a curious reticence.

"Buy a ticket?" he repeated, echoing the friendly butler. "Do you mean that tickets have been sold? It is a public business, then?"

"Well, Sir, it is and it isn't, as you may say. The performance is for the benefick of a charitable institooshun—the hindignant widows, and Mrs. Cinkmarsh have kindly lent her 'ouse for the occasion, and the tickets have been only sold by the committee; so you see it's public from one pint of view, and private from the other."

"Where could I get a ticket?" asked the curate, moodily. This public exhibition, this playing at charity, was just the very last thing he could have desired for his future wife, just the very thing he would have forbidden at any cost had he been afforded the opportunity of forbidding it.

"And to keep it hidden from me," he thought: "a bad beginning for that perfect trust which was to reign between us."

"I don't know as you could get one any wheres to-night, Sir," replied the butler, thoughtfully, "unless I was to get it for you. My missus is on the committee, and I know she had a lot of tickets to sell, and kep' 'em up to yesterday in a china basket in the drawring-room. If they're there still, I might take the liberty of gettin' one for you: bein' for a charitable purpose, I don't think missus would objeck to my disposin' of one."

"Get me one, then, like a good fellow."

"The tickets are a guinea heach," said the butler, doubtfully, thinking this eager gentleman might ask for credit.

Mr. Forde took a handful of loose money from his pocket.

"Here are thirty shillings," he said—"a guinea for the ticket, and the balance for your trouble."

The man was gratified by this donation, for in these degenerate days vails are an uncertain quantity. He produced the ticket speedily, instructed Mr. Forde as to the nearest way to the Rancho, guarded the wheel of the hansom as he got into it, and delivered the curate's address to the charioteer with as grand an air as if he had been instructing the coachman of an archbishop.

"British Hotel, Cockspur Street," he said; and thither Mr. Forde was driven by way of Belgrave Square and Birdcage Walk. A *nota bene* on the gilt-edged ticket informed him that full-dress was indispensable.

He dined hastily in the deserted coffee-room—a sorry dinner, for he was in that frame of mind in which dining is the most dismal mockery, a mere sacrifice to the conventionalities—dined, and then went to his room and dressed hurriedly, with his thoughts strangely disturbed by this trivial business of the private theatricals.

But it was not trivial, for Elizabeth's reticence had been a tacit deception; it was not trivial, for unless she had been utterly wanting in love's truthful instinct she must have known that this public exhibition of herself would be of all things the most hateful to him.

He was not a tyrant—he had never meant to tyrannize over this fair young creature who had made him love her in very spite of his own will. But he had meant to mould her into the shape of his still fairer ideal—the woman whose claim to manly worship was something higher than the splendor of her eyes or the golden glory of her hair—the perfect woman, nobly planned. He had fondly hoped that in Elizabeth there was the material for such a woman—that he had only to play the sculptor in order to develop undreamed-of graces from this peerless block of marble.

There were some letters waiting for him at the British—letters which had been sent on from Lenorgie, where they had arrived after his departure. He had spent the day and night after the funeral with a friend in Edinburgh, where he had business to transact.

Two were mere business epistles; the third was in a hand that was strange to him—rather a singular hand, with straight up-and-down letters, but of an angular, scratchy type, which he felt must be feminine. It bore the postmark of Hawleigh. It was that snake in the grass, an anonymous letter.

"Mr. Forde will be perhaps surprised to learn that Miss Luttrell has given much encouragement to an aristocratic admirer during her stay in London. She has been seen on the front seat of Lord Paulyn's four-in-hand, returning from Epsom races: a circumstance which has occasioned some talk among the strait-laced inhabitants of Hawleigh. This friendly hint is sent by a sincere well-wisher.

"HAWLEIGH, *July 7.*"

"An aristocratic admirer—Lord Paulyn! She has suffered her name to be associated with his so much as to give an excuse for this venomous scrawl! I will not believe it. The venom is self-engendered: some envious woman who hates her for all the gifts that render her so much more charming than other women."

He crushed the venomous scrawl in his strong hand, and thrust it into the depths of a remote pocket. Yet, however mean the spirit of the anonymous slanderer, however contemptible the slander, it stung him not the less, as such venom does sting, in spite of himself.

"I shall see her face to face," he thought, "in an hour or two—shall be able to scold her for her folly, and take her to my heart for her penitence, and be angry with her and forgive her and adore her in the space of a minute; and I shall see the scorn in her proud eyes when I tell her she has been accused of encouraging my rival."

The drive to the Rancho gave Mr. Forde ample leisure for thought; for going over and over the same ground with an agonizing repetition of the same ideas; for the amplifications of those vague doubts, those little clouds in love's heaven, no bigger than a man's hand, until they grew wide enough to darken all the horizon. The shades of Fulham seemed endless. He stopped the driver more than once to ask if he were not going wrong; but the man told him No: he knew Bishop's Lane well enough, close agen Putney Bridge; and the locality of the Rancho, as indicated by Mr. Forde's ticket, was Bishop's Lane.

They drove into the lane at last—a dismal alley between high walls, just wide enough for a couple of carriages to pass each other, with imminent peril of grazing the wheels or the horses against a wall. One could hardly have expected to find a suburban paradise in such a neighborhood; and in spite of his preoccupation, Mr. Forde looked about him with surprise as the hansom dashed in at an open gateway, made a swift circuit of a dark shrubbery of almost tropical luxuriance, and anon drew up before a long low house, lighted like a fairy palace.

He gave his ticket to a functionary who looked like a professional box-keeper, and was admitted to a spacious chamber filled to overflowing with a fashionable-looking audience. The play was more than half over—there was only standing room—and the central figure of the group on the brilliantly lighted stage, the focus of every eye, was the girl he loved—the perfect woman, nobly planned, etc.

He was but mortal, so he could not withhold his admiration of her grace and beauty, and was half inclined to forgive her because she was so lovely and gracious a creature. Then the curtain fell, and the men in front of him began to talk of her, and he heard what the world thought of Elizabeth Luttrell.

The blow almost stunned him. He heard much more than has been recorded; heard how men talked of his perfect woman; heard Mrs. Chevenix's manœuvres freely discussed, and Elizabeth's co-operation in all the matron's schemes spoken of as an established fact. His first and almost irresistible impulse was to knock the slanderers down. He felt as unregenerately minded upon this point as if he had come fresh from the mess-table, his brain fired with wine and laughter. But he conquered the inclination, and stood quietly by, and heard from the lips of some half dozen speakers what the world thought of the woman he loved. It was not that any thing specially ill-natured was said; the men hardly knew that their remarks were derogatory to womanly dignity. It was their way of discussing such topics. But for Malcolm Forde it meant the ruin of that new scheme of life which he had made for himself. The airy fabric built by hope and love perished, like an enchanted city that melts into thin air at the breaking of a spell. He did not for a moment suspend his judgment, did not stay his wrath to consider how much or how little justification there might be for this careless talk.

These men spoke of facts—spoke of Elizabeth's engagement to the Viscount as a fact concerning which there could be no doubt. And she had doubtless given them ample justification for this idea. She had been constantly seen in his society. He "spooning"—odious word!—in a manner that made his passion obvious to the eyes of all men.

Could he take this woman—her purity forever tarnished by such contact—home to his heart? Was such a woman, who, with her faith plighted to him, could surrender herself to all the follies of the town, and link her name with yonder profligate—was such a woman worthy of the sacrifice he had been prepared to make for her, the sacrifice of the entire scheme of his life; theory and practice alike abandoned for her sake?

"She would have made me a sensuous fool," he thought, "content to dawdle through life as her father has done, living at my ease, and making coals and beef and blankets the substitute for earnest labor among my flock. What might she not have made of me if my eyes had not been opened in time? I loved her so weakly."

He put his passion already in the past tense. He had no thought of the possibility of his forgiving the woman who had deceived him so basely.

"Of course she meant all the time to marry Lord Paulyn, if he proposed to her. But in the mean while, for the mere amusement of an idle hour, she made love to me," he thought, bitterly, remembering that nothing had been farther from his thoughts than proposing to Elizabeth when she lay in wait for him that March night, and cut off his retreat forever with the fatal magic of her beauty, and the tones and looks that went straight to his heart.

He must see her as soon as the play was over, must cast her out of his life at once and forever, must make a swift, sudden end of every link between them.

"I might write to her," he thought; "but perhaps it would be better for us to meet once more face to face. If it is possible for her to justify herself, she shall not be without the opportunity for such justification. But I know that it is impossible."

When the curtain had fallen for the last time, and Elizabeth had courtesied her acknowledgments of a shower of bouquets, and the enthusiasm in the parterre was still at its apogee, Mr. Forde departed. Not to-night would he break in upon her new existence. Let her taste all the delights of her triumph. To-morrow would be time enough for the few quiet words that were needed for his eternal severance from the woman he had loved.

CHAPTER VI.

> "Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part:
>   Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
> And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
>   That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
> Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
>   And when we meet at any time again,
> Be it not seen in either of our brows
>   That we one jot of former love retain."

ELIZABETH was sitting alone in the shady back drawing-room on the morning after her triumph, carelessly robed in white muslin, pale, exhausted, languid, as the lady in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode." Mrs. Chevenix was recruiting her forces, mental and physical, by prolonged and placid slumbers; but Elizabeth was not of the order of being who can sleep off the fumes of dissipation so easily. Her brief night had been a perpetual fever; the voice of adulation still in her ears; the lights, the faces of the crowd, still before her dazzled eyes; the passion and feeling of Peg Woffington still racking her heart. "I wonder actresses don't all die young," she thought, as she tossed her weary head from side to side, vainly seeking slumber's calm haven.

Now she was lying on the sofa, prostrate, an unread novel in her hand, a cup of tea on a tiny table by her side, a fan and scent-bottle close at hand, for she had taken to her aunt's manner of sustaining life in its feebler moments.

She threw aside her novel presently, and unfurled her fan.

"I wish I were really an actress," she thought; "that would be a life worth living: to hear that thunder of applause every night, to see every eye fixed upon one, a vast audience listening with a breathless air: and to move in a strange world—a world of dreams—and to love and suffer and despair and rejoice, within the compass of a couple of hours. Yes, that is life!"

She smiled to herself as she wondered what her lover would think of such a life.

"I shall tell him all about it now that it is over," she said to herself. "If I had told him before, he would have given his veto against the whole business, I dare say. But he can hardly be very angry when I make a full confession of my misdemeanor, especially as it was for a charity. And I think he will be a little proud of my success, in spite of himself."

There had been a dance at the Rancho after the general public had dispersed, and Elizabeth had been the star of the evening, the object of every body's outspoken admiration. All the performers had been praised, of course—Mr. Cinqmars for his life-like rendering of the doddering Triplet, in which he was declared by some enthusiastic friends to have rivaled Webster and Lemaitre; Mrs. Cinqmars for her pathos and charming appearance as Mabel Vane; Lord Paulyn and the major for their several merits; but no one attempted to disguise the fact that Elizabeth's had been the crowning triumph. Enthusiastic young men told her that she ought to go on the stage, that she would take the town by storm, and make ten thousand a year, and so on. Lord Paulyn told her—but that was only a repetition of what he had told her before.

"You promised you would never speak of that subject again," she said.

It was in a waltz, as they were whirling round to the *Soldaten Lieder*.

"I shall speak of it till my dying day," he said. "Yes, if it makes you ever so angry. Remember what I told you. I swore an oath the day I saw you first."

"I will never dance with you again."

"Oh yes, you will. But I tell you what you will never do: you will never marry that parson fellow. It isn't possible that, after having seen what the world is, and your own capacity for shining in it, you could lead such a life as you'd have to lead with him."

"Ah, that's because you don't know how much I love him," the girl answered, with a radiant look. "I'd rather be shut up in a convent, like Héloïse, and exist upon an occasional letter from him, than have all the pleasures of the world without him."

"Bosh!" said the Viscount, bluntly. "A week of the convent would make you tell another story. Your fancy for this man is one of your caprices: and Heaven knows you are about the most capricious woman in the world. You like him because every one is opposed to your marrying him—because it's about the maddest, most suicidal thing you could do."

"I'm tired," said Elizabeth; "take me to a seat, please."

And having once released herself from him, she took care that Lord Paulyn should have no farther speech with her that night.

She thought of his impertinences this morning, as she lay on the sofa listlessly fanning herself, thought of his obstinate pursuit of her, and thought—with some touch of pride in her own superiority to sordid considerations—how very few young women in her position would have held out against such a siege.

She was in the midst of a half-stifled yawn when the pompous butler opened the door in his grand sweeping way, and announced, "Mr. Forde."

She sprang to her feet, her heart beating violently, her tired eyes brightening with sudden joy, and seemed as if, forgetful of the scarcely departed butler, she would have flung herself into her lover's arms.

Her lover! Alas! was that a lover whose grave eyes met hers with so cold a gaze? She drew back, appalled by that strange look.

"Malcolm!" she cried, "what is the matter?"

"There is so much the matter, Miss Luttrell, that I have hesitated this morning as to whether I should write you a brief note of farewell, or come here to bid you my last good-by in person."

The girl drew herself up with her queenliest air. Trembling with a strange inward shiver, sick at heart, cold as death, she yet faced him resolutely, ready to see the ship that carried all her freight of hope and gladness go down to the bottom of the ocean without one cry of despair.

"It was at least polite to call," she said, loftily. "May I ask what has caused this abrupt change in your plans?"

"I think it is scarcely needful for you to inquire. But I have no wish to be otherwise than outspoken. I was at your friend's house last night, and saw you."

"I hope you were not very much shocked by what you saw."

Not for worlds would she now have apologized for her conduct, or explained that she had intended to tell him all about the amateur performance at the Rancho when it was over.

"I might have forgiven what I saw; though, if you had known my mind in the least, you must have known how unwelcome such an exhibition would be to me."

"Did I play my part so very badly, then?"—with a little offended laugh, womanly vanity asserting itself even in the midst of her anguish. "Did I make so great a fool of myself?"

He took no notice of the inquiry, but went on, with suppressed passion, standing before her, his broad muscular hand grasping the back of one of Mrs. Chevenix's fragile chairs, which trembled under the pressure.

"I heard your attractions, your opportunities, your future, discussed very freely between the acts of your comedy. I heard of your engagement to Lord Paulyn."

"My engagement to Lord Paulyn!"—staring at him with widening eyes.

"Yes: a fact which I found confirmed this morning by one of the newspapers in the coffee-room where I breakfasted."

He gave her a copy of the *Court Journal*.

"You will see your name there among the announcements of impending marriages in high life. 'A marriage is on the *tapis* between Lord Paulyn and Miss Luttrell, third daughter of the Rev. Wilmot Luttrell, rector of Hawleigh.' It was rather hard that you should allow the court newsman to be wiser than I."

Eager words of denial trembled on her lips, but before they could be spoken, pride silenced her. What! he came to her in this ruthless fashion, came with his course resolved, and resigned her as coolly as if she were a prize not worth contesting!

"You have come here to—to give me up," she said.

"I have resigned myself to circumstances. But would it not have been as well to be off with the old love before you were on with the new? It is a matter of little consequence, perhaps, to the new love; but it is not quite fair to the old."

"You have not taken the trouble to think that this paragraph might be a newsmonger's unlicensed gossip, as meaningless as the talk you may have heard last night."

He looked at her earnestly. No, there was neither penitence nor love in that cold beautiful face; only pride and anger. Was it the same face that had looked at him passionately in the moonlight four months ago? Was this the woman who had almost offered him her love?

"Even if this announcement is somewhat premature, I have learned enough to know that it is only premature, that it must come in due course, unless, indeed, you are more reckless of your reputation than I could have supposed it possible for your father's daughter to be. Your name has been too long associated with Lord Paulyn's to admit of any termination but one to your acquaintance. For your own sake, I recommend you to marry him."

"I am hardly likely to despise such generous advice. If you had ever loved me"—with a sudden burst of passion—"you could not talk to me like this."

"I have loved you well enough to falsify the whole scheme of my life, to sacrifice the dearest wish of my mind—"

"But it was such an unwilling sacrifice," exclaimed Elizabeth, bitterly. "God forbid that I should profit by it!"

"God only knows how much I have loved you, Elizabeth; for He alone knows the strength of my temptation and the weakness of my soul. But you—you were only playing at love; and the romantic ardor which you assumed, with so fatal a charm, was so factitous a sentiment that it could not weigh for a single hour against your love of pleasure, or stand between your ambition and its object for a single day. Let it pass, with that dead past to which it belongs. The dream was sweet enough while it lasted; but it was only a dream, and it has gone like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors."

She stood like a statue, hardening her heart against him. What, when all the world—the world as represented by Lord Paulyn and society at the Rancho—was at her feet, did he cast her off so lightly, without allowing her any fair opportunity of justifying herself? For it was hardly to be supposed that she would kiss the dust beneath his feet, as it were, confessing her sins and supplicating his pardon.

What had she done? Only enjoyed her life for this one brief summer-time, holding his image in her heart of hearts all the while. Yes, in the very whirlpool of pleasure looking upward at him as at a star seen from the depths of a storm-darkened sea. And she had refused Park Lane, Cowes, Ashcombe, and two more country-seats for his sake.

Should she tell him of her rejection of Lord Paulyn—tell him that one incontrovertible fact which must reinstate her at once and forever in his esteem? What, tell him this when he spoke of his love as a thing of the past; a dream that he had dreamed and done with; a snare which he had happily escaped, regaining his liberty of election, his freedom for that grander life in which human love had no part? What, sue again for his love, lay bare her passionate heart, again outstep the boundary line of womanly modesty, remind him how she had been the first to love, almost the first to declare her love? Had he not this moment reminded her, inferentially, of that most humiliating fact?

Thus argued pride, and sealed her lips. Hope spoke still louder: Let him talk as he might, he loved her, and could no more live without her than she could exist, a reasonable creature, without him. Let him leave her; let him renounce her. He would come back again, would be at her feet pleading for forgiveness, himself the acknowledged sinner, his the humiliation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The fresh, mild May days invite our citizens to that charming recreation ground, the Central Park. The delicate green of grass and tree and the fair blossoms refresh us. Numerous improvements in the Park are proposed for the coming season, many of which are already commenced. Several cottages will be built; a new boat-house, in the Swiss style, will ornament the eastern end of the lake; the Casino is to be greatly enlarged, and the concert ground improved so as to give more ample accommodation to the thousands who assemble there on music days. The foundation walls of a conservatory have been laid near Seventy-fourth Street, the building to be constructed entirely of glass and iron; the Sheep-fold is to be converted into an aquarium, it having been found inappropriate for its original purpose; and in time the Art Museum will be erected near Eighty-second Street—work is already begun on the foundations. As not less than ten thousand persons have frequently visited in one day the present Museum of Natural History, located in the Arsenal building, it must be a matter of general interest that the foundations are laid for a new stone building in Manhattan Square, between Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first streets, which will give proper accommodations for exhibiting the specimens. The menagerie is a source of unfailing interest to all children, as well as to adult visitors. Among the curiosities at this season are two young camels about three months old, two baby panthers, an infant leopard, and a hyena cub. We have alluded to only a part of the improvements which promise to add fresh beauty and interest to the Park in which we all feel so much pride and pleasure.

The punishment of death for forgery was abolished in England in 1837. Many years ago the Bank of England was in constant trouble on account of the numerous forgeries perpetrated upon it. Between 1797 and 1818 there were nearly 1000 prosecutions of persons for forging Bank of England notes, or knowingly being in possession of such notes, and 313 capital convictions. After an act was passed in 1798 enabling the Bank of England to issue notes under the value of five pounds, forgeries increased amazingly, and in the eight years subsequent no less than 146 persons perished on the gallows for the crime of forgery on that bank. The notes were so exactly copied that even bank officers could not detect the forgeries. This state of things led to special effort to protect the bank by manufacturing the paper by peculiar and expensive processes. This has been done for the last half century with great success. The note-paper is manufactured in Laverstoke, a small village in the County of Hampshire.

When the Vienna Exposition opened, May 1, there were no less than seven thousand laden baggage trucks between the city and the frontier. It was estimated that these could be unloaded only at the rate of two hundred trucks a day; so that a little delay in visiting the Exposition would be advisable.

It is reported by General Spinner that up to April 19 $77,757 77 of the "back pay" had been returned to the United States Treasury by Congressmen.

In all Europe there are about 65,000 miles of railway. Completed lines in the United States would amount to nearly 70,178 miles, and there are about 43,000 miles in process of building. We are somewhat ahead of the old country.

The Skaptar Yokul is a volcano in Iceland, from whose cone a great eruption took place on January 9, 1873. It lasted four days, and presented a magnificent spectacle to all who were in the vicinity at that time. Iceland is a volcanic country. The most extensive and devastating eruption ever experienced in the island happened in 1783, and proceeded from this very same Skaptar Yokul. That eruption did not cease for two years, and destroyed twenty villages and nine thousand human beings. Hecla is more remarkable for the frequency and violence of its eruptions than for its height, which is only about 5200 feet. Twenty-three eruptions of Hecla are recorded since the occupation of the island by Europeans. The Yokuls are among the greatest elevations in Iceland, the Oreefa Yokul being 6280 feet high.

The Smo-holla religion is a new religious faith said to be springing up among all Indian tribes. Smo-holla is a sort of Indian spiritual medium, who claims to be wholly under spirit guidance. He teaches that a happy time is coming when the Indian tribes shall again possess the earth, when white men shall disappear, and dead warriors of the past shall come to life again. He believes the whites will disappear by killing each other—a doctrine which may be difficult to inculcate into the Indian mind. Probably, beneath the guise of a religious faith, a combination of warlike strength is being formed.

A Scotch weaver took his child to church for baptism. Upon being asked by the minister what he intended the name of the child to be, he said, "The Right Honorable William Gladstone." The minister replied, "Oh, William, that 'll never dae. I can admit your bairn into the veesible kirk, but if you want the world's honors for it, I doot ye'll hae to gang to the Prime Minister himsel'."

A large number of railway locomotives have recently been sent from this country to Brazil for the Don Pedro Railroad—an indication of the esteem in which the American machine is held.

Henry Ward Beecher truly says, "The most difficult book in the world to write is a book for a child; yet it is a book every body thinks he can begin on."

In France all corporal punishment in the primary schools is prohibited. In Germany the regulations of school discipline provide for a strict limitation, though not an absolute prohibition, of the power of the teacher to administer bodily chastisement. The school ordinance of Prussia, adopted in 1845, provides that no punishment shall be administered exceeding "the bounds of moderate parental discipline," and that the teacher may be prosecuted for any punishment which exceeds the statute. Most Russian educators favor the total abolition of corporal punishment in schools, but questions of discipline are referred to local boards for decision. In England there seems to be a strong determination to stick to the old-fashioned system of school flogging.

Curiosity in children develops itself in singular experiments sometimes. A little fellow in Ashtabula, Ohio, became possessed with a desire to know what sensation would be produced by a train of cars passing over him. So one day he secreted himself in a culvert on the railway track and anxiously awaited the approaching train. It thundered by; the boy congratulated himself upon his successful adventure, popped up his head, when crashing against it came a hand-car which was following the train. However, he was not seriously injured.

A steady-going Baptist clergyman from the rural districts of Maine lately visited a neighboring city for the purpose of hearing the Jubilee Singers. He proceeded to the hall where he supposed the concert was to be, bought a ticket, and sedately took his seat. Pretty soon a bevy of ballet girls appeared on the stage, and began hopping about in attitudes quite unexpected to the good minister. He turned to his next neighbor and asked, "Are these the Jubilee Singers?" The reply was such as caused the reverend gentleman to rise and shake off the dust of that place from his feet.

One painful incident connected with the spring freshets was the flooding of cemeteries in certain sections of the country. At Little Rock, Arkansas, all the relics in a grave-yard were entirely swept away by the rising of a river.

According to history, the parents of John Wesley lived apart a year in consequence of a difference of opinion on political subjects. The elder Wesley felt strongly in favor of William of Orange, and openly advocated his succession to James II. But he observed that his wife, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, to whom he was tenderly attached, and with whom he had lived in delightful harmony for eleven years, did not respond when he prayed for the king.

"Why do you not say 'Amen' when I pray for his majesty?" he inquired.

"Because," she calmly replied, "I do not believe the Prince of Orange to be king!"

"In that case," returned the unbending Orangeman, "we must part."

Apparently the conscientious couple did not quarrel; the wife thought her husband sincere, and the husband was not disposed to force his wife to agree with him. But the reverend gentleman went up to London and remained a year, leaving several children and the care of the parish and the parsonage to his wife. At the end of that time William of Orange died, and, as the lady could respond with a hearty "Amen" to prayers for Queen Anne, the husband and wife were reunited.

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Cerebro-spinal meningitis is a disease which seems quite incomprehensible to the non-medical classes in the community; and, indeed, even among the best-informed and most skillful physicians there is a great diversity of opinion respecting the causes and the proper method of treating this disease. It has assumed an epidemic form several times in different parts of our country, seemingly independent of any agency referable to peculiarities of climate, season, or locality. The first epidemic visitation was in 1806, when it gradually spread through the New England and Middle States and Canada. It again became epidemic in 1840, was widely prevalent during the civil war, and has never since altogether disappeared from the country. According to Dr. Moore, a physician of St. Louis, where the disease has prevailed recently, the first symptoms of cerebro-spinal meningitis are exceedingly varied in different individuals. The attack is usually very sudden, seizing the patient when apparently in ordinary health. Pain in the head, constant or intermittent, pain in the back of the neck and along the spine, with soreness in limbs and joints, are common symptoms. Sometimes the attack is preceded by giddiness or by ague, or by cold extremities, flushed face, and quick pulse; in other cases by lassitude and prostration, by a deep stupor, or even by severe nausea and vomiting. These initiatory symptoms are followed by a state of violent agitation, which is replaced by stupor. The body of the patient becomes excessively sensitive, the slightest touch being painful. The most striking symptoms of cerebro-spinal meningitis are those presented by the muscular system. The muscles of the neck become rigidly contracted, drawing the head back and firmly fixing it in that position. Rigidity is very common in the muscles of the extremities; sometimes the muscles of the whole spine are so violently contracted as to force the spine backward.

Culinary science is worthy of careful study. It should be a matter of national interest to have the small, every-day details of good cookery thoroughly understood by all who prepare food, and by all who have the direction and care of those who perform the actual labor in the kitchen. Health and economy both urge to a more intelligent comprehension of the best methods of preparing food. A systematic effort is now being made in London to give instruction in culinary art. A series of lectures was commenced about the middle of April by Mr. Buckmaster, who aims to teach the cheapest, healthiest, and most palatable methods of cooking the most common articles of food. An excellent dinner was prepared by Mr. Buckmaster, at his first lecture, which his audience tested and highly approved.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is a well-known fact that ladies seldom become gray, while the heads of the "lords of creation" are often early in life either bald or gray—sometimes both. Douglas Jerrold tells a piquant joke as follows: At a private party in London a lady, who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring, said to Jerrold, "I can not imagine what makes my hair turn gray; I sometimes fancy it must be the 'essence of rosemary' with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it." "I should rather be afraid, madam," replied the dramatist, "that it is the essence of time" (thyme).

A young lady who has just returned from Europe advises her friends not to go there, "unless you are sure that you know enough to appreciate the beauties of Europe. It lends such a charm to Italy to remember that among those groves of olives the immortal Beethoven sculptured the Medicean Venus, and Shakspeare composed the sublime poem of *Paradise Lost*."

Mere Catchpenny Affairs—Hand-organs.

A Missourian who stole a kiss from a pretty girl was fined by a magistrate, horsewhipped by her brother, and worried into a brain-fever by his wife. The clergyman also alluded to the affair in his sermon, the local editor took sides with the clergyman and reviewed the case in print, and the potato-bug ate up every blade of the malefactor's wheat crop.

Little fish have a good notion as to the commencing of life: they always begin on a small scale.

A Chicago poet begins an apostrophe to the ocean with "Prodigious dampness!"

The mayor of a Portuguese city once enumerated, among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified, "a marked impediment in his speech."

A Revolver—The earth.

A bachelor is politely described as a man who has neglected his opportunity of making some poor woman miserable.

A deaf old gentleman, walking lately in his garden, heard the milkman shout on the other side of the wall. Imagining some one calling him, he cried, "Here," and turned his ear-trumpet in the direction of the wall. The milkman, in his hurry, took the trumpet for the servant's pail, and delivered a quart of milk therein.

Can a gentleman who sees a young lady home under an umbrella be fitly designated a rain beau?

When they make an oyster bed, do they use a sea-weed mattress?

Several Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective persons, when one of them remarked, "Faith, I'm a brick." "And indade I'm a bricklayer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.

A poor fellow who was compelled to pawn his watch said he raised the money with a lever.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a *fresh* one? Why don't you have it cured?"

John Clerk, afterward a judge by the title of Lord Eldin, was arguing a Scotch appeal case before the House of Lords. It was about a mill privilege and the right to a stream of water. The Scotch lawyer talked about the wa*tt*er, the wa*tt*er, the wa*tt*er, till the chancellor, much amused by his peculiar pronunciation of the word, asked him, in a bantering tone, "Mr. Clerk, do you spell *water* in Scotland with two t's?" Clerk was nettled by this hit at his national tongue, and answered, "Na, my lord, we dinna spell *watter* wi' twa t's, but we spell *manners* wi' twa n's."

If a ventriloquist throws his voice away from him, how can he expect to carry on his profession?

A gay spiritualist may be called a happy medium.

It is stated that in a certain district in the far West mosquitoes are so plentiful that they are unable to get on a stranger all at once, and so they stand round in reliefs, and wait for their turns like customers in a barber's shop.

When a young voyager makes his way to the top of the Pyramids, we presume he is enjoying the benefits of a foreign climb.

This is told of a father who was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday-school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, wherein is related the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares. "What is a tare? Tell me, my son, what a tare is," asked the anxious parent. "You had 'em!" "Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the father, opening his eyes rather wide. "Why, last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell Aunt Susan that you were on a tear."

An attached Couple—The shells of an oyster.

A retired sea-captain, who had made the tour of continental Europe and the Holy Land, was asked how he was impressed by his visit to Jerusalem. "Jerusalem," said he, "is the meanest place I ever visited! There is not a drop of liquor in the whole town fit to drink."

Among the conditions of sale by an Irish auctioneer was the following: "The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more."

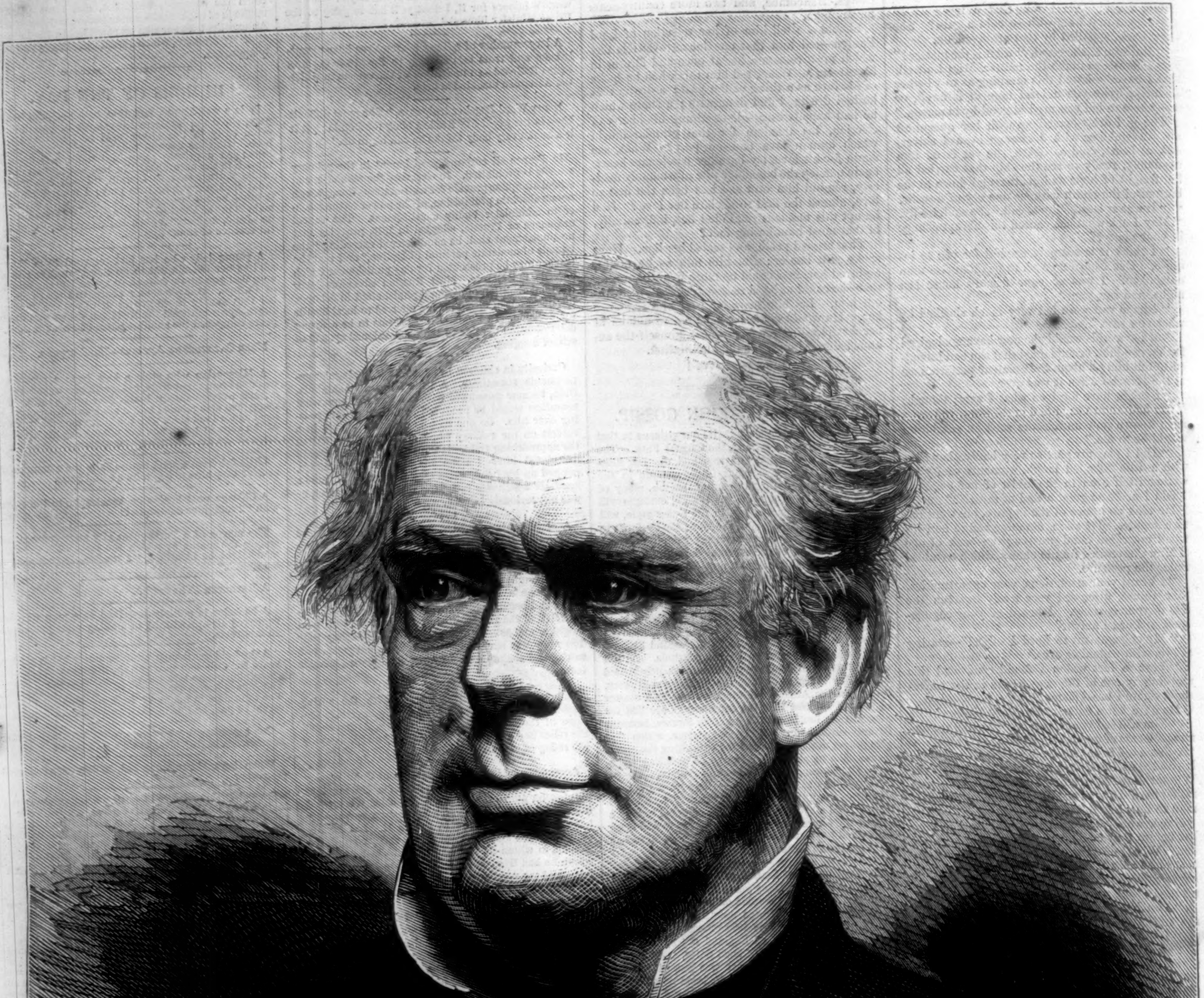
A bad Style of Arithmetic—Division among families.

An orator of the far West proposes to "grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of our Western prairies." We are afraid the machinery will break before that fabric gets through the loom.

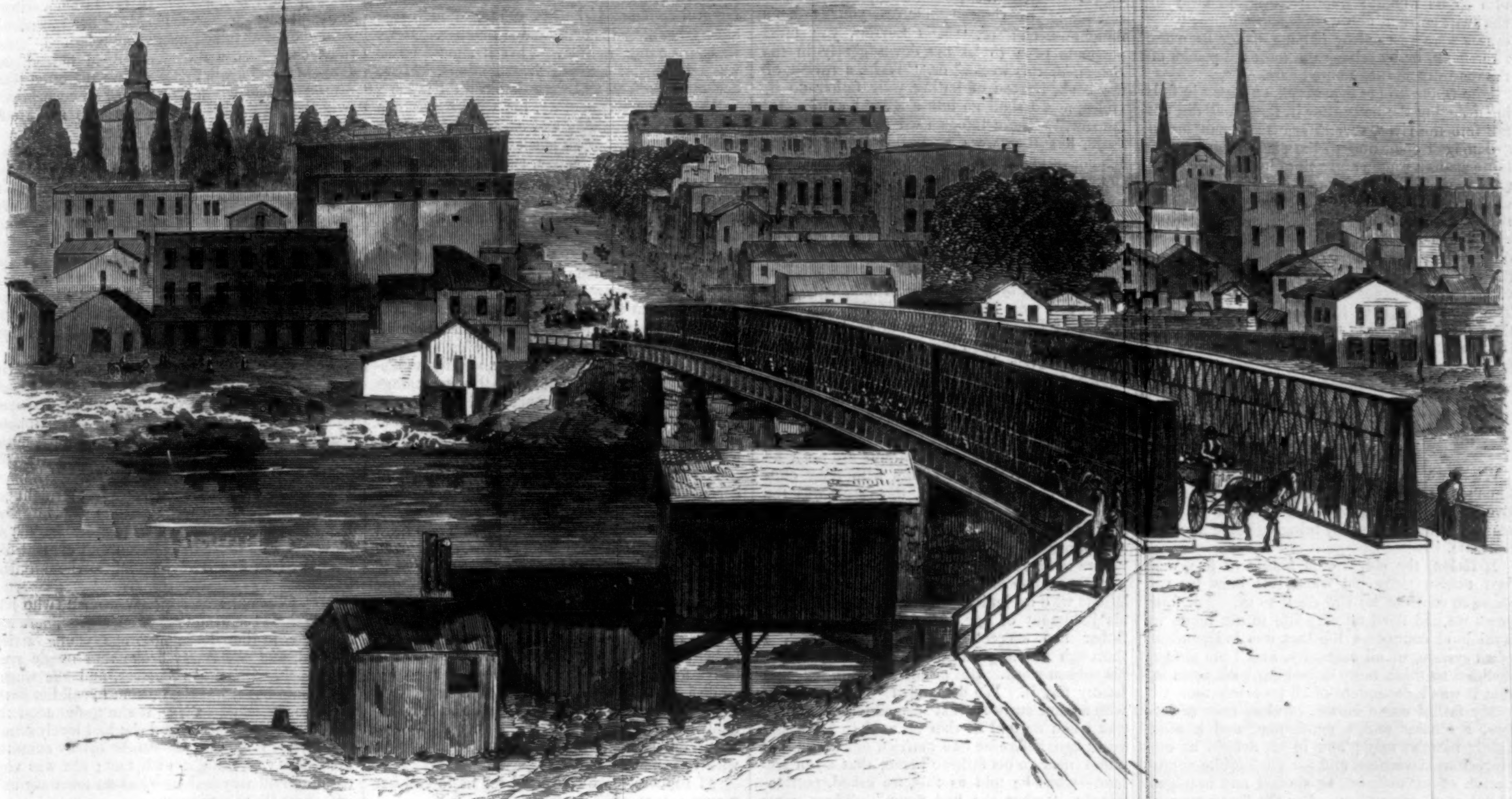
The object some wives have in blowing up their husbands is doubtless to have them come down.

"Do you think I am a fool?" a violent man once asked of the late Rev. Dr. Bethune. "Really," replied the doctor, "I would not venture the assertion; but now that you ask my opinion, I must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

Once on a time a Dutchman and a Frenchman were traveling in Pennsylvania, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith's shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped, and called out, "Is de smitty wittin?" "Shtand back," says Hans; "let me shpeak. Ish der blacksmit's shop en der house?"



THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.—From a Photograph by Bendann Brothers, New York.—[See Page 434.]

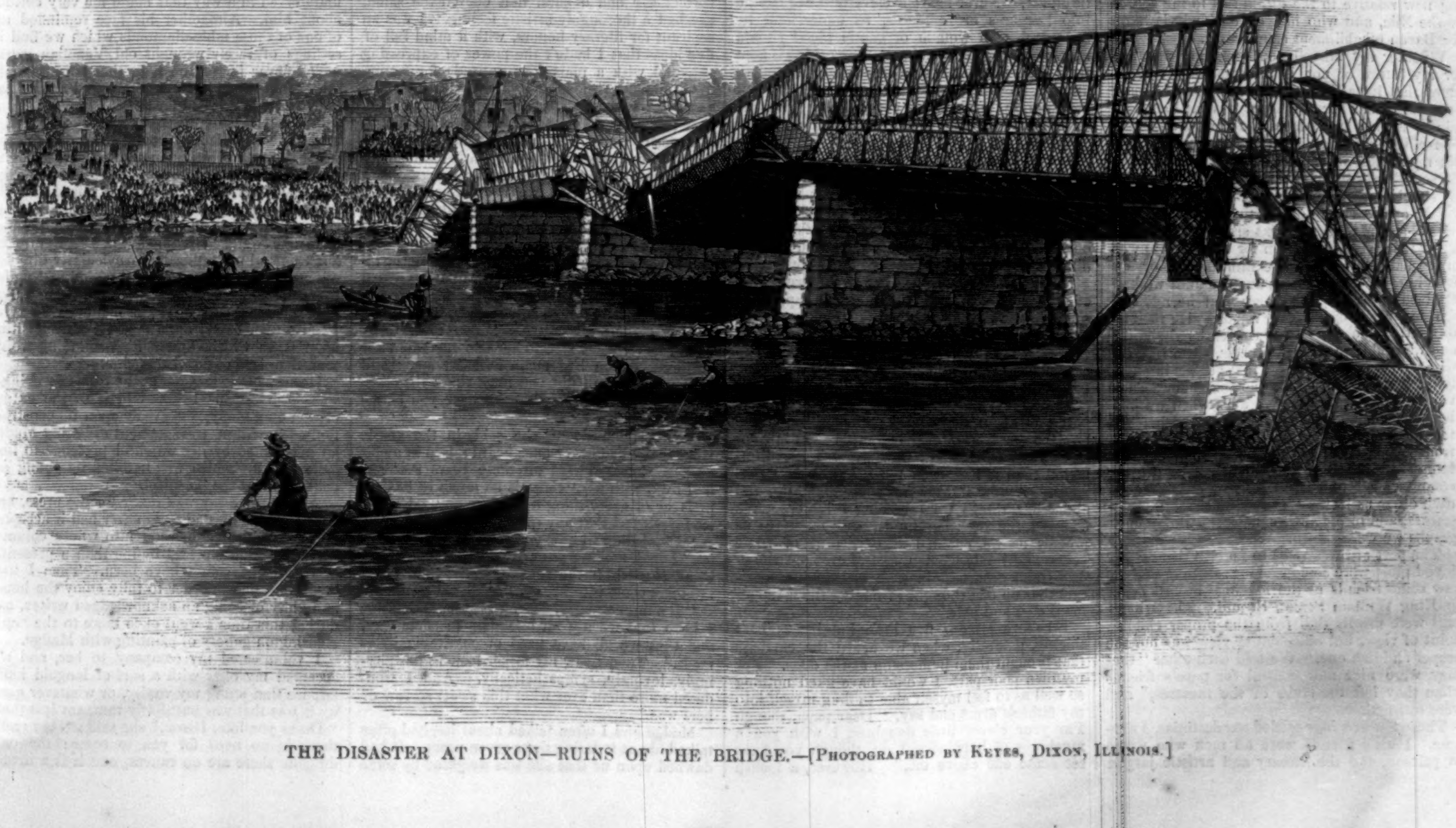


THE DISASTER AT DIXON—THE BRIDGE BEFORE THE CATASTROPHE.—[Photographed by Keyes, Dixon, Illinois.]

THE FATAL BRIDGE.

The Truesdell Bridge at Dixon, Illinois, of which we give two illustrations on this page, one taken before and the other immediately after the late accident, by which over fifty lives were lost, was, it is said, known to be in a damaged and dangerous condition for weeks before. Parts of the iron lattice-work had snapped during the winter, and no attempt had been made to repair them. An examination of the debris resulted in the discovery of rusted cracks and flaws, evidently of long standing, in the supporting bars attached to the iron uprights at the north end of the bridge. Had the structure been properly inspected and repaired, it might have been rendered perfectly safe.

The bridge fell, our readers will remember, on Sunday afternoon, the 4th of May, under the weight of about 200 persons, who had assembled



THE DISASTER AT DIXON—RUINS OF THE BRIDGE.—[Photographed by Keyes, Dixon, Illinois.]

to witness the rite of baptism performed in the river by the Rev. J. H. PRATT, pastor of the Baptist church in Dixon. Two candidates had been baptized, and a third was just entering the water, when an overweighted span of the bridge gave way, and precipitated more than 150 men, women, and children into the river. The scene was terrible and heart-rending. Some were caught in the lattice-work and borne to the bottom by its weight; some were swept away by the swift current, and were seen no more; while others were rescued by helping hands from the river-bank, or by seizing the loosened planks of the roadway as they floated past.

The whole bridge is a wreck, one span in falling dragging the next after it, though all did not fall into the river, several spans still hanging in a damaged condition to the piers. On one of these spans a wagon and pair of horses remained, and there being no communication with the shore, food and water had to be taken out to them.

Many thrilling and affecting scenes took place during the few minutes that elapsed between the fall of the bridge and the rescue of the last survivor. Some escapes seemed almost miraculous. The number of lives lost is computed at more than fifty, and nearly every family in the town is in mourning for the loss of some relative or friend.

MY STEP-MOTHER'S SECRET.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

WE were an interesting, but withal an unmanageable, troop of children when my father diversified the monotony of our lives, after four years of widowerhood, by bringing home his second wife.

I, Helen, the eldest of a family of five, was just twelve years old when this blow (as we chose to consider it) was dealt to us. For four years we had lived an easy life in our home in a midland county—a life that was independent of all system, of all authority, and I am almost inclined to think now, in looking back upon it, that it was independent of all propriety too.

My father was a clever, careless man of letters, a scholar and a gentleman, and a most kindly natured man; and in his delight at our precocious cleverness, and our unchildlike appreciation of his abilities, he spoiled and indulged us out of all proportion. For the first year and a half after my mother's death an old maiden aunt of hers lived with us, virtually to guide and direct us in the way that little girls should go—in reality, to be the harassed slave of all our insolent little whims and caprices.

At the end of a year and a half my father, seeing that her sense of responsibility unfulfilled was wearing her down, and seeing also that we were a trifle more unmanageable and disorderly than when she first came to reign over us, counseled her for her own credit's sake to resign and retire. This she did, poor lady, after a vainly pathetic appeal to our better feelings. Better feelings! We had not one of them among the band of five in those joyous days of misrule, I verily believe.

Well, she went away, and for the next two years and a half we children had things all our own way at Beechgrove, as our little place was called. Once or twice my father tried to install a governess over us, but the result was always weeping and gnashing of teeth on the part of the ill-fated woman, and victory on our rebellious side. From our stores of superficial, quaint, desultory knowledge we were always bringing forth facts to discomfit her. I, especially, who dipped into every book that came into the house for my father to review, scorned and wouldn't learn any thing that could be taught me by a young lady in spectacles, who could tell me nothing new relative to the dispute as to the source of the Nile, and who had no decided views on the Bacon rehabiliment controversy.

Whether my miscellaneous reading was bad for my future or not, is an open question. I know that it has been of use to me, and I only hear that it has been of harm. What I am certain of is that it rendered me a very unendurable child—unendurable, that is, to every one but my father, who petted me hugely, and let me see clearly that he thought I had right on my side in most mental matters.

Two or three times during the year when I was twelve, and Madge, my next sister, was ten, our father took us up to London for treats. He was in the habit of going there himself five or six days in every month, but it was not until we had attained these respective ages that he adopted that manner of opening our minds. He took us to see the regular round of conventional sights; and we could see, though he affected to reprove us for being hard to please, that he was intensely delighted at our loathing for the Thames Tunnel, and dire hatred of St. Paul's when we had been compelled to climb to the top of it. As for the British Museum, we held ourselves aloof from the betrayal of the faintest semblance of interest in its stuffed birds and beasts. But we condescended to get up a fierce quarrel with each other as to the "period" of several of the statues, and of the kings and queens whose autographs we were shown.

The part of these visits to London that we enjoyed most were some evenings when my father saw some friends at the lodgings he had taken in King William Street, Strand. These lodgings were deadly dull from the proper childish point of view, but our point of view was not the proper childish one. We told each other "that they were nice and central for papa's friends when they left the clubs or the theatres," and were satisfied.

Those few evenings settled our destinies, I suppose. Papa's friends were all men who wrote or painted, and the literary and artistic jargon that they talked fell upon greedy ears. We used to stand about unnoticed, unseen almost, after the first few compulsory remarks had been made to us, and we used to listen to all the words they let fall, and believe in them and in their dicta, until the great world outside that which wrote or painted became a very contemptible place in our estimation.

Sometimes some hero in our eyes would ask us, carelessly, "Well, when are you going to do something to show yourselves your father's daughters, eh?" or, "Miss Leyton, you must persuade papa to let me down gently in the *Scurrilous* this week;" or, "Write a review of my book, instead of letting your father do it, Helen, and I shall go into a second edition tomorrow." These things used to be said carelessly, but they were as gospel truths to us, helping to make us queer mixtures of credulity and cynicism.

Madge was the beauty of our family—a child who looked as if she had just stepped down from one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures. She had hair of the real red-gold hue, and gray-blue eyes, and very delicate roses on her childish cheeks. All papa's visitors, who went in for an admiration of art, went in for an admiration of Madge too. But I never felt jealous of my lovely little sister, for I had heard one of the writers of that day say, "Your eldest girl has it in her to be an English Corinne, Leyton," and I always believed that I looked as clever as he thought me.

Whether he was driven to the act by our coltlike unruliness, or whether he fell in love, I have no means of determining. Parents are not fond of canvassing their love affairs with their children. Whatever the cause, the result was the same. At the end of the year that Madge and I had thought so brilliant, my father told us he was going to bring home a wife, and that we "were to be good, nice children to her."

Full of *bonhomie* as he always was in his relations with us, lenient as he had always been in his judgment of our childish peccadilloes, my father had succeeded in imbuing us with a thorough respect and an obedient attention for his spoken word. But on this occasion we could hardly pay it. We demanded "who she was" with a fierce curiosity that seemed to amuse him; and when he told us that he used to know her years ago, before he had married our mother, at home (near to his father's home, that is) in Ireland—when he told us this, we asked, pertinaciously, "what she had done." There were just one or two women in the world whom we did deem worthy of the honor of being our step-mother, but certainly this lady, who had neither written a big book nor painted a big picture, was not one of them.

I remember he turned all our inquiries laughingly aside, and bade us ask all we wanted to know of her when she came. But Madge would not be silenced.

"Is she beautiful, papa?" she asked.

"Yes. I think you'll find her pretty," he answered. "At any rate, she'll be good and kind and loving to us all, and you must show yourselves fond of her for your poor old father's sake."

This was all very well and very touching, but we knew perfectly well that Mr. Leyton didn't regard himself as "a poor old" any thing. The appeal did not ring true. Not so were we, little wild beasts that we were, to be subjugated.

We did not, in spite of our questioning on the subject, find out where our father was going to be married. I volunteered for the office of domestic detective, and was expelled from it in the following way:

"Where did you tell me you were going to be married, papa?" I asked, the night before he started, as I was peeling some walnuts for him.

"I haven't told you, and I don't mean to tell you, Helen, my dear," he answered. And then he added, "Never let your cleverness degenerate into keenness or 'cuteness,' as understood by cads, Helen; a woman of gentle blood should never condescend to notice that any thing is kept from her, much less should she condescend to attempt to outwit any one by discovery. You may amuse yourself by conjecturing with the other children 'where it is,' but you must not try to find out again."

I was thoroughly crushed, humbled, repentant, ashamed. My father's rebuke entered into my mind like iron, as he intended it to enter. In all my defiant naughtinesses he had always been so kind, so gentle, so bonnily forgiving; but now that I had been mean, he had showed himself, as he could be, cutting and severe.

"Papa!" I sobbed, "we can never forget this, of course; but if, when I'm grown up, I do something very noble, do you think you will quite forgive it?"

He did not answer me, and when I looked up wonderingly, half blinded by my tears as I was, I saw that there was something shining in his eyes too.

It was about three weeks after this that he brought our step-mother home. It was in February; the earth was a few degrees less iron-bound than it had been for several weeks previous. A few flowers were cropping up, and altogether things were looking brighter. We adorned the occasion by dressing ourselves as prettily as we could, half expectant of some young and lovely woman, and Madge put snowdrops and primroses in such artistic juxtaposition that no one thought of finding the arrangement cold and pale.

I believe all our five little hot hearts beat thickly, painfully, when we heard the carriage that brought them home stop at the door. For my own poor part, I would have liked nothing so well as to feel myself able to fling myself into my father's arms and say, "Dear papa, though I'm your clever little daughter, I wish you a muchness of happiness, I do, though you have set some one above me." However, a foolish something restrained me, and I only went out with the rest in orderly procession.

The bonds of orderly procession would have been burst with impatience if they had been five seconds more coming into the house. Our father was just the same; to our unbounded surprise marriage had not made him one whit wiser or more foolish (in appearance) than he had been before. His hair was no blacker and no grayer. His face was no fatter and no thinner. He still spoke as if he saw the ghost of a possible joke, after his accustomed manner. There was no change in him. That it should be so was odd to our unsophisticated minds, but we accepted the fact, and were thankful for it.

As for our step-mother, his wife, words can not express the anxiety and curiosity with which we looked upon her as she came into the light of the hall. I saw Madge, the beauty-lover of our family, start back disappointed; and then I remembered myself as the eldest Miss Leyton, and went forward and tried to be attentive.

I did not wonder at Madge, she was so different to any one whom we thought our father ought to have married. I know her now to have been a fair, softly beautiful woman of forty; then I thought her of some immense age that it would not become me to guess at. She had nice white plump hands and soft hazel eyes, and softer ways, and her voice was gentle, and her movements were gracefully slow. All these things we took in about her at once, and Madge and I canvassed them afterward in the sanctity and seclusion of our bedroom, the door of which we locked for fear she should want to come in.

The thing, though, that struck us most about her was the way she greeted our brother Ted, as we called him. "So this is your only son, Edward," she said, placing her hand on Ted's head and looking up into my father's face. "Heaven bless him, and make him a comfort to you!" "So mean of her," Madge and I said to one another, "to pander to papa's supposed preference for boys."

The next morning I made my way into my father's study in company with a big packet of books for review that had just come down, and while I was waiting at his elbow, seeking what I could devour out of it all, he spoke to me suddenly:

"Well, Helen, how do you mean to get on with your new mamma?"

"I suppose there's no need for us to call her mamma, is there?" I asked.

"No, certainly not," he answered, dryly. "I'm not sure that she would permit it." I felt my face flush at this reminder that my wishes alone were not to be paramount any longer. Then I said:

"She's rather old not to have been married before this. How sad it will be if Madge and I are old maids!"

"Very sad—for us," he said, laughing; "but that's a remote contingency. An immediate one is that you learn to be polite on the subject of old maidenhood—in fact, that you never touch upon it to your—to Mrs. Leyton."

I gave the promise on behalf of Madge and myself, and soon he, becoming absorbed in a book, ceased to take notice of me; so I went away to repeat this conversation to Madge, my sympathizer.

I can not stop to tell how the time went, how the years fled by, until I was nineteen and Madge seventeen. Something had been done by way of educating us—that is to say, we had had the best masters the neighborhood afforded for lessons of various sorts, and twice a year we had been taken to London, and given all the advantages that money and taste and opportunity could give us. Each of us had developed a specialty, and my father had done all that could be done to cultivate the specialty of each. Madge was a splendid draughtswoman. In addition to a correct eye and a hand that obeyed the same, she had a thoroughly artistic feeling. I was an aspirant for literary honors, with a mind full of fine ideas that I hadn't the power of expressing yet, and with a marvelous aptitude for setting forth immature thoughts crudely. During these years we had come to feel our step-mother to be a very peaceful and pleasant element in the house. She wasn't clever. It had been almost painful to me to find this out after my father's rebuff to me on the subject of finding out things, but I couldn't help it. She was not clever. I quite despised her for the timorousness with which she would advance an opinion, when she could be persuaded to advance one at all. I had my own opinion about every book, debate, picture, or alleged discovery that I heard of, and expressed my opinion freely. She would listen to my frequent arguments with my father, but would neither dissent nor agree. "You must think one of us right," I said to her one day when her non-intervention had much irritated me, "and if you think one right you must think the other wrong. I'd give something to hear you blame one of us."

"Ah, Helen dear," she said, in the gentle voice that I had never once heard raised in anger or peevishness during all these years that she had lived with us, "there is so much to be said in favor of every thing and every one. I never let myself feel that any one is wholly wrong."

"Oh, I didn't know you were a bit of a casuist," I said, smiling at my own knowledge of her being so entirely the reverse. And then I saw the tears come into her eyes as she answered:

"It's not casuistry, dear. It's the knowledge I have that we are all offenders in some way, and that we all have need of charitable judgment." Then I saw my father look at her pityingly, lovingly, sympathetically. And I wondered more than ever what this sweet sorrow of hers was.

Madge and I often talked about it—had often talked about it during these seven years. It had dawned upon us that she was weighted by some secret very soon after she came to us, but we were mindful of what my father had said relative to the vulgarity of trying to find any thing out. So we never followed any of our speculations far, but used to content ourselves with wondering if we should ever be told.

One thing that we couldn't help noticing was that she never wrote or received letters, at least she did not for many months, and then she only corresponded with friends of my father's whose acquaintance she had made since her marriage. And she never talked about any relations. She must have been a dreary old maid indeed, we thought; and again and again we regretted that my father had not married some more brilliant lady than this kind, gentle one who made our home so happy.

At last, seven years after her advent, some special literary work on which he was engaged obliged my father to go to Berlin to consult some works which were only to be found in the library there, and Mrs. Leyton accompanying him, our home was broken up for a time. Ted and the two younger girls were at school, and it was decided that Madge and I should go and stay with some friends of my father's in Hans Place, and that Madge should study drawing from the "round" and the "life" at the South Kensington Museum.

The friends with whom we were staying in Hans Place were quite latter-year acquaintances. The exigencies of press work and newspaper editing had brought my father and Mr. Oliphant together, and of our step-mother they knew nothing save that she was our step-mother. Mr. Oliphant was a good-looking, well-educated man, capable of turning that which was set straight before his handsome aristocratic nose to advantage. He talked in little newspaper paragraphs just as he wrote, and dealt in epigram and cynical axiom; and all this is very telling to the uninitiated.

Mrs. Oliphant was a pretty woman, who had well learned the grand art of silence. There was a magic in her look, amorous young artists averred, and she rarely broke that magic spell by speech. She wasn't clever, and she wasn't charming, but it was the custom to call her both, because she could look as if she understood the most abstruse subjects, and she had lovely hands and feet. What she was can be briefly summed up. She was fraught with tact; she was very cunning and very jealous—jealous narrowly as a wife, broadly as a woman.

Their quiet little nest in Hans Place was not at all after my lady's heart. But they were compelled to stay there, in the first place, because they had not the funds wherewithal to move their furniture, and in the second place, because they had not the funds wherewithal to pay their rent. Still, for all these little drawbacks of jealousy and insolvency, they were very pleasant people with whom to pass a short time.

It was only three days of the week that the regular "schools" were open at the South Kensington. On the other three days Madge was compelled to fall back upon copying. So she set up her easel in a good position before the "Age of Innocence," and labored hard to reproduce it faithfully.

It was a very popular picture among the young students, and five or six of them were copying it. The one whose easel was next to Madge's was a young man of about twenty-seven or eight—a serious, self-contained young man—who seemed to have no friends among his fellow-workers, and whose face was a picture to Madge and a poem to me, from its mixture of flashing brightness and intense sadness. He flashed out sunshine—smiles that seemed actually to warm one—when Madge would ask his advice about either her coloring or stippling up, and he darkened away when he fancied himself unobserved in a way that made me very curious about him. Altogether his face reminded me of one of those table-diamonds which we find in settings of rarely wrought old Venetian work, which never lavish the light that is in them in glitter and shine, but which now and anon blaze out royally in a broad flash.

Just at first, for three weeks or so, I religiously accompanied my young sister on the days when she was painting in the gallery. But at the end of those three weeks I grew less vigilant about her, and the beauty I prized so highly, and wended my way instead to the reading-room of the British Museum, where I perused dead and watched living authors. Before he left England my father had particularly directed my attention to the study of a period of English literature which immediately foreran that called the "golden," and, after the manner of a tyro, I felt myself called upon to write a disquisition upon it, in which, I fear, high-sounding words took the place of novel thoughts.

However that may be, at the time of writing I was absorbed and believed in it to the extent of spending many hours daily upon its construction and revision, to the extent of letting Madge go unguarded by my watchful presence to that gallery of art which was haunted by young ardent lovers of the beautiful.

At last my essay was ready for the press, and then I sent it to, and fortunately had it accepted by, a magazine, admission into whose columns was more highly prized by me than a presentation at court would have been. Then I took breathing time in order to fully enjoy the honor and glory of being an acknowledged writer, and during this time I went once more to the South Kensington gallery of painting with Madge.

I volunteered my company to her, and she accepted my offer with a sort of languid indifference that stung my vanity, or whatever quality it was that was peculiarly rampant just then. "Do as you like, Helen," she said; "but really there is no need for you to come; the only dragons there are on canvas, and it is a dreadful waste of your time to sit and watch the growth of my 'Age of Innocence.'"

"My time is my own until I hear what the literary journals say of my article," I said, rather pompously; "then there may be calls made upon it which I shall be proud to fulfill."

She made no further opposition, and we walked along toward the Museum. When we neared it I saw the same young man whose face I have compared to a table-diamond standing near the entrance, and I asked, carelessly, as we neared him, "Is he still about the 'Age of Innocence,' Madge?"

"No; he's copying the companion piece, the 'Infant Samuel,'" she answered, hastily; and then we passed him, and I saw that he slightly bowed to her.

"Madge!" I exclaimed, reproachfully, as we passed out of his hearing, "you're not falling into familiar acquaintanceship with any of these people about whom you know nothing, are you?"

She shook her head, and said, "No," curtly, and I fancied I had wounded the family pride, which was so strong in every one of us, by the suggestion. Our father had been in the habit of speaking too scornfully of "cads without a drop of blood in their veins" for us not to prize highly the color and age of our own.

To my annoyance, when we reached the "Age of Innocence" I found that the "Infant Samuel" was hanging very near to it—so near that copyists of either picture could converse with each other while still pursuing their work. Presently—as soon, in fact, as Madge had adjusted her easel and settled herself—the young man we had passed at the entrance sauntered up and stationed himself before an already planted canvas, the workmanship on which had struck me as being finer than any other around.

I don't know by what means it was brought home to me that there was some understanding between this young unknown and my beautiful sister. They did not speak to one another, and if they looked at each other I did not intercept their glances. Still I felt sure that they had been in the habit of both looking and speaking to one another frequently, and that they regarded me as being in their way.

There was nothing mean or underhand or sneaking in the nature of one of these; these traits are never found in women of gentle birth. We may be capable of doing a bad act, but we are sure to do it in a courageous way. Accordingly that night when I spoke to Madge about the young man who was as handsome as a star, and who looked so sad, she said,

"You suspect he makes love to me, don't you, Helen?"

"Yes," I said, with equal frankness.

"Well, so he does," she replied; "that is to say, he does make love to me in the way I mean, and he doesn't make love to me in the way you mean. He worships me, and I know it, but he has never told me so."

"He is honorable, then," I said, condescendingly.

"Honorable! how I love the word, and how I hate to hear you use it about him, as if he could be otherwise!" Madge said, the bright rose-color flaming out on her cheeks in one instant. "Don't frighten yourself, Helen. There is no little flirtation of picking up brushes and pressing hands between. If he loves me, as I think he does, he feels he had better not, and if he ever tells me of his love, he will have told my father first."

She looked so superb and so stately, so pure and so proud, as she said it that I dared not doubt or fear about her any more. For the future I left her free to go to the South Kensington untrammeled by any thing save her own integrity.

Some time after this my father returned to England with his wife, our sweet, mysterious step-mother, and we went and joined them gladly at the Langham Hotel, where they had taken up their abode. For the first few days of our residence there we made the big public saloon our reception-room; but at the end of that time he found it necessary to institute us into a private drawing-room, in order that we might see our friends comfortably.

One morning—I can no longer narrate events as an eye-witness, for I am dependent on my father for an account of the transaction—the young artist whom I had seen at the South Kensington was announced for Mr. Leyton. I hear that as he entered at one door my step-mother, pale and trembling, tottered out at the other; though she had not caught sight of him, something in his name—Mr. Broughton—had affected her.

Briefly he told his name, his mission, his desires. He was an artist lately returned to England after a seven years' absence. "A seven years' absence where?" my father asked. The answer was a thunder-bolt. He had been fulfilling his term of seven years' transportation for forgery!

My father was a good, clever, rigorous, noble-hearted man. Understanding fully that he was these things, can you doubt that he listened to all that was to be told in extenuation of the crime of which this young gentleman had been guilty?

Mr. Broughton had been placed when a boy as a clerk in a mercantile office, with a taste that rebelled against his employment, and a heart that yearned for all and every thing connected with art. In an evil hour he had invested in things that were beautiful, because they pleased him, because he thought they would serve as models. In a more evil hour still he forged his employer's name in order to obtain money to pay for them, feeling sure that his widowed mother would furnish him with the funds to make restitution. When he went to her she was penniless, and he was found out, convicted, and transported.

Now he had come back again, with that stain upon him, and was daring to love art again, and daring to love Madge, and to demand her of her father.

One question my father asked him, "Did he know where that widowed mother was?" and his answer was a grievous, piteous assertion "that he did not; that he had from false pride abstained from answering her letters; that, in fact, he could not have answered them, since he had made it his practice always to tear them up unread. Now he had lost the track, and had come back to England to find himself motherless."

Then my father rose and rang the bell, and asked that Mrs. Leyton should be sent for; and I, undemanded as I was, insisted on accompanying her.

We went in together, and I saw those two, whom I thought strangers to each other, look into the face of each other, then sigh and gasp, and falter forward into such an embrace as I never saw exchanged between man and woman before. And from my step-mother's lips I heard the words, "My son! my son!" and when I heard them I knew that I had fathomed my step-mother's secret.

She had been no dreary old maid when my father married her. She had only been an anxious, broken-hearted widow and mother.

But Madge refuses to believe that her perfect, loving, noble-natured husband, Cecil Broughton, can ever have caused anxiety to any one. And for bright, believing Madge's sake my step-mother keeps her secret from her daughter-in-law still.

HOW THE GOUT CAME.

An old Scottish gentlewoman (one of those genealogical ladies now becoming rare) would never allow that any but people of family could have *bona fide* gout; if it was mentioned that a *roturier* was afflicted with that disease, she would shake her head. "Na, na! it's only my father and Lord Gallowa' that have the *regular gout.*" In *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1863, in a paper of surpassing humor, appeared the following:

"That pain which you feel in the joint of your great toe," quoth Monsieur Gout, "has, you flatter yourself, become rather less since eight o'clock, when you took your last dose of colchicum. Quite a mistake, my dear Sir. The member is, if any thing, more swollen and inflamed than before. Observe, now, I shall take the liberty of inserting this little awl, just by the way of probe. Aha! it makes you wince. A very good sign that, however, since it proves that there is no ground for apprehending immediate mortification. Now do you know why it is that your toe is so singularly sensitive? I'll tell you. You remember, three years ago, ordering a batch of Burgundy. Previous to that time you had been in very good health, for you had plenty of occupation and little leisure for gluttony or wine-bibbing; your means were limited, and during the holidays you took a sufficiency of pedestrian exercise. Really, in those days, I never expected to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. I considered you just the kind of fellow likely to become an ornament of the Alpine Club. But your estimable uncle, old Jones, the stock-broker—bless you, I knew him very well indeed! many a time have I chatted to him when he was roaring like an aggravated bullock—your old uncle Jones, I say, died and left you his money— You are not going to sleep, are you? Well, I call that rather unhandsome treatment, considering that I have taken the pains to come here and bear you company. A slight touch of the pincers may, however—aha, all's right again; you are as lively as a snapping-turtle. Whereabouts was I? Oh, I remember. Old Jones left you his money, and you determined to take your ease. No one can blame you for that. What's the use of fagging to make more when you are in possession of a cool £4000 a year, and may indulge in a shooting-box and hunters? But you could never make up a respectable bag on the moors, and on horseback you were any thing but a Ducrow. You preferred living in town, took chambers in the Albany, gave nice little *recherché* dinners, and laid in that stock of Burgundy to which I have already alluded. It was of a fine vintage, strong and heady, and made the blood circulate in the veins like lightning. To it I attribute the honor of our first introduction, though port and claret, not to mention sundry kinds of delicious *entremets*, did undoubtedly contribute to lessen the distance between us. Then you took to late hours, hot rooms, and *écarté*, almost justly included in the catalogue of fashionable pleasures; and our acquaintance, at first only slight, has now ripened into permanent friendship. But I really must not allow my feelings to divert me from the scientific purpose for which I have visited you to-night. Don't be afraid. I shall lay aside awl and pincers, and vary the experiment by injecting a few drops of molten lead between the flesh and the bone. Ha! what an enviable yell! Your lungs, I can assure you, are in a perfectly healthy state, and may last you for the next twenty years, if you don't force me to get into your stomach. By-the-way, what a silly proverb that is against pushing things to an extremity! It is with the extremities I always make a point of dealing in the first instance, and I take it that very few people would wish me to depart from the practice. What is it that you say? You wish that I would go to the devil! Pardon me for hinting in reply that you are both rude and unreasonable. I am here, as you well know, in consequence of your indiscretions."

Archbishop Sheldon not only wished for gout, but proffered £1000 to any person who would help him to it, looking upon it as "the only remedy for the distress in his head."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have already announced the departure of the British corvette, the *Challenger*, on her three years' cruise of scientific exploration and discovery in the deep seas, and we find in *Nature* of March 20 an interesting account, by Professor Wyville Thomson, of her performances since the time of starting, on the 21st of December last. According to Professor Thomson, the vessel was detained in the vicinity of the channel of the Bay of Biscay by stormy weather for a week, but finally reached Lisbon without any material inconvenience. Remaining there a short time, and leaving on the 12th of January, they were enabled to make many observations, and determined, to their great satisfaction, that it was possible to use the trawl down to a depth of 600 fathoms, which afterward they extended to 2125 fathoms. The substitution of this instrument for the dredge enabled them to secure a much larger harvest of organic life than before, and the richness of some of the hauls was perfectly astonishing. The trawl used by them was one of fifteen feet beam, and, of course, would make a much larger sweep of the ocean bed than the comparatively diminutive dredge, only two or three feet in width. It was found quite difficult to dredge from so large a vessel as the *Challenger*, but the substitution of a larger and longer rope than usual, and the use of weights far in advance of the dredge, remedied the difficulty somewhat. An accumulator of fifty-five strands of rubber was used to relieve the tension upon the dredge, that of the *Porcupine* having only thirty-five. This instrument is considered a very important aid in such service, and will probably be used in the American explorations during the coming summer.

The usual Atlantic ooze, with the accompanying *Bathybius*, was brought up in large quantity by the dredge, and but little else, and it was not until the trawl was substituted that any objects of special novelty or interest were secured. This, however, captured several fishes of new species, as also some interesting Bryozoa and crustaceans. One of the former forms a graceful cup, the base of the branches being united by a transparent stem between two and three inches high, like the barrel of a quill or the stem of a claret-glass. This it is proposed to call *Naresia cyathus*, after Captain Nares, who commands the vessel, and whose attentions to the interest of the work are gratefully acknowledged by the scientific corps. Several sea-peas and Gorgoniæ were obtained, remarkable for their brilliant phosphorescence. One of these (a *Mopsea*) gave a spectrum extending from the green well on into the red, while *Umbellularia* gave a very restricted spectrum, sharply included between the lines b and D. Specimens of a species of *Euplectella* were also procured.

According to the Sacramento *Daily Record*, a veritable shad was caught in that river, at Jackson's Ferry, on the 14th of March last, and, if so, was of course one of the first fruits of the enterprise of the California State Commissioners in the stocking of that river under the direction of Seth Green. The fish was about twelve inches in length, and weighed about a pound, and although not submitted to an expert for identification, it was yet recognized as a true shad by several persons who were familiar with this species in the Eastern waters.

Seth Green had offered a reward of $50 for the first shad actually caught in said river, the fact to be decided by good authority; and the captors of the specimen referred to now regret that they had not taken the necessary pains to submit it to such authority for identification.

The hope expressed by us some time since that means might be furnished to the present able superintendent of the Washington Observatory to complete and publish the catalogue of southern stars observed by Gilliss in 1850–52 has, it seems, been already realized.

In 1870 Rear-Admiral Sands published, as an appendix to the volume of Washington observations for 1868, the catalogue of 1963 fixed stars, originally intended by Gilliss to form the fourth volume of his report. The introduction to this catalogue states that "in 1865 volume five was so far advanced that the labor of one computer for about a year would finish it.... The appropriation being exhausted, and no more funds being available, the work was necessarily stopped, and all the papers of the expedition were turned over to the United States Naval Observatory for safe-keeping. As it is not now probable that volumes four and five will ever be published according to the original plan, and as several applications have been made to the Naval Observatory for manuscript copies of the results of the observations contained in these volumes, it has been deemed desirable to publish the following catalogue, which embraces the results of all the observations which were to have been contained in volume four. It is also hoped that it may yet be possible to obtain sufficient funds to complete the reductions for volume five, and publish a catalogue of the stars which were to have been contained in it."

In pursuance of his admirable plan of publishing the results of the labors of the officers of the Observatory, the present superintendent has steadily kept in view the desire he then expressed, and it gratifies us to be able to state that at the special request of Rear-Admiral Sands Congress, at its last session, allowed an appropriation for the purpose, and the work is now being put in the hands of computers for publication as soon as possible.

Our English readers will regret to learn that Mr. Louis Fraser, at one time prominently connected with the Zoological Society of London, author of the *Zoologia Typica*, and a professional taxidermist of high repute, is suffering from destitution, in his old age, in British Columbia. On the 7th of April last a communication was presented before the meeting of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco on this subject by Mr. Henry Edwards, one of the members, and an appeal for assistance was made to the friends of science. This was answered by contributions on the part of several persons, but it is not stated to what extent.

A few months ago a "revised list of the vertebrated animals now or lately living in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London" was published by Dr. Sclater, the eminent secretary of the society, and our readers may be interested to learn of the magnitude of the collections catalogued. The list fills a volume of over 400 pages, embracing nearly 498 species of mammals and 1044 of birds, many of the rare species being represented by a number of individuals. In addition there were also numerous cold-blood vertebrated animals, the true reptiles amounting to 181 species, the batrachians to 35, and the fishes to 68 species. Among the more interesting animals were 93 different kinds of monkeys, including the chimpanzee, orang, and four species of gibbon, the aard-wolf (*Proteles*) of South Africa, the panda (*Ælurus fulgens*) of Nepaul, two species of aard-vark, or ant-bear (*Orycteropus*), and 39 species of marsupials. Among the birds are 61 species of parrots, 79 species of pigeons, 124 gallinaceous birds, and 79 species of ducks, geese, and swans; and more especially attention may be called to the fact that in the gardens there were no less than 11 species of struthious birds, of which three were rheas, or South American ostriches, and four cassowaries. This collection is without a peer any where, and of course in this country there is no collection that is worthy to be mentioned in comparison. But as the gardens realize a very large income to the society ($100,000 in 1871), it is to be hoped that an incentive may be offered to establish such an institution in the United States, and thereby give our naturalists the same facilities for scientific investigation as are enjoyed by the Londoners.

Nature records the death in February last of Mr. Julius Branchley, who is mentioned as having traveled extensively in the South Pacific, and as having left the manuscript and plates of an elaborate work intended to illustrate the natural history of those regions.

It will be recollected that Mr. Alphonse Pinart, a French philologist, visited the Aleutian Islands and Alaska in the summer of 1871, for the purpose of collecting the vocabularies and the photographs of the different tribes. This material he carried back with him to Paris, where he has been engaged in working it up. We now learn that he expects to revisit the United States in May, with ample funds in his hands from the French government, in order to effect an exhaustive collection of the antiquities of Alaska, his excursions to the different islands being made in a vessel especially fitted up for his use.

It is greatly to be regretted that the United States has not placed the necessary funds in the hands of the Indian Department, or some other government bureau, for the purpose of securing such subjects and placing them in its national museum, instead of allowing them to be carried off by the agents of other nations. There is no finer field for ethnological and prehistoric research in the world than Alaska. The collections made by Captain Fast, Mr. Dall, and other gentlemen show the richness of the region. We trust that it is still not too late for the government to take such action as may secure at least its own share of this rich prize.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just issued a new edition, by Parker Gilmore, of the well-known work of Figuier upon reptiles and birds, one of a series on ethnology and natural history that has attracted much notice, and is worthy of commendation. Mr. Gilmore is a well-known contributor to the London *Field* and other journals, under the title of "Ubique," and has spent a good deal of time in North America, where he has familiarized himself with the principal phases of sporting life and adventure. To his careful criticism, aided by that of Messrs. Frank Buckland and Henry Lee, the London work owes its freedom from many of the errors and inaccuracies of style which are to be found in the original work.

The subject of the amphibia and reptiles is first treated of, and then the birds in their several orders, the whole work being embellished by numerous full-page illustrations and large numbers of wood-cuts, which are well drawn and engraved, but which occasionally suffer in the printing from the electrotypes.

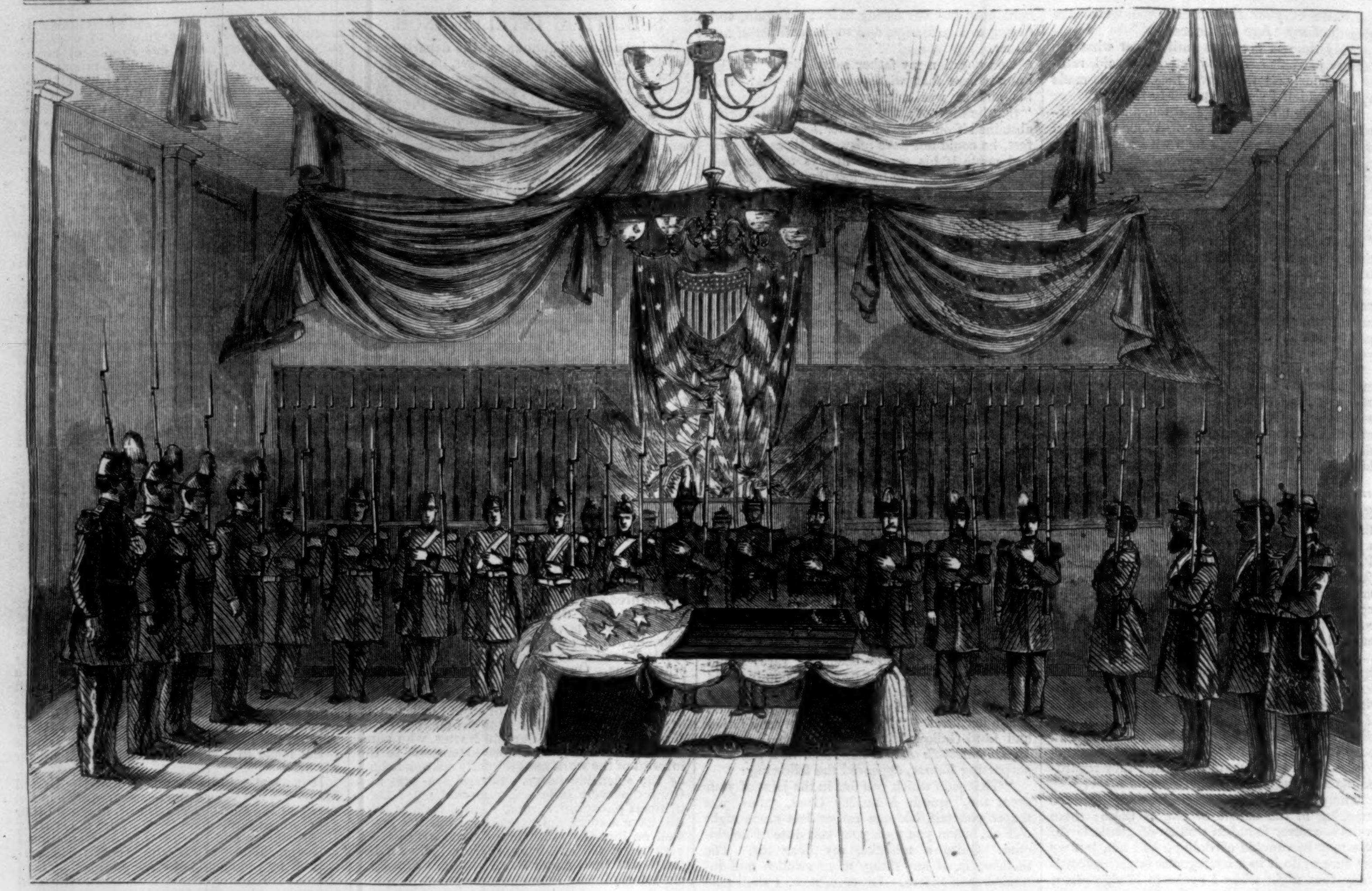
The book abounds in interesting accounts of the habits of birds and reptiles, and altogether it forms an excellent introduction to more elaborate works on these subjects. Occasional errors of reference, however, may be noted; among them one on page 571, where the great Kamtchatkan sea-eagle, with its white shoulders, thighs, and tail, is figured as the American bald eagle. Again, on page 450, the black woodpecker of Europe (*Picus martius*) is given as the American ivory-bill species; the jacana, on page 302, by no means belongs to the genus referred to. On page 242 the red-breasted merganser is figured as the smew; the black-throated diver, on page 96, as the great northern diver. These defects, which somewhat mar the work, can, however, readily be remedied by an erratum or by another edition.

According to the *Cape Ann Light*, the trade from Gloucester in Newfoundland herring came to a close about the end of March, when the last vessel arrived. The number of Gloucester vessels engaged in the business during the season was eighteen, these beginning the voyage during the closing week of November and early in December. The business was about equal to that of last year, but very much less than that of previous years, the number of vessels at one time—in 1863–64—having been thirty-nine.

One schooner, with a crew of seven men, was lost during the season. According to a table given in the article quoted from, the average number of Cape Ann vessels employed since 1856 amounted to twenty-two, and the average loss per year to $8200.

The quarterly statement of the British Palestine Exploration Society for January, 1873, is occupied by a report of progress for the year 1872. In this we are informed that the two main branches of labor, the survey of Palestine and the examination of Jerusalem, are making satisfactory progress, more than a thousand square miles having been investigated. The society asks for five thousand pounds per annum for five years, by means of which it is thought that the home expenses can be met and the necessary field-work accomplished.

The actual entrance upon its work by the American society, under Lieutenant Steever, is referred to as an additional incentive for a generous rivalry, and for contributing ample funds for the work.

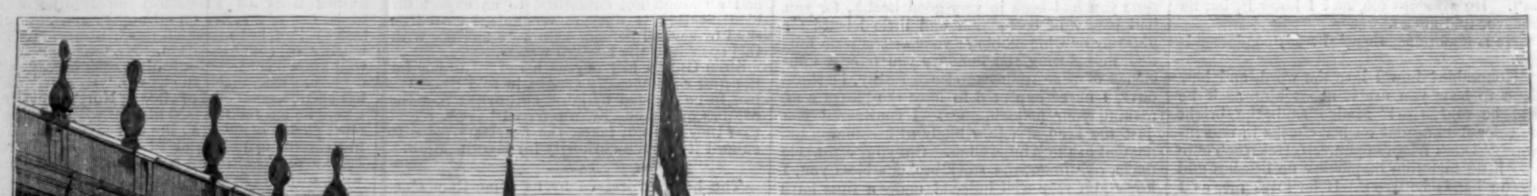


FUNERAL OF THE LATE GENERAL CANBY—THE BODY LYING IN STATE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BUCHTEL & STOLTE, PORTLAND, OREGON.]

FUNERAL OF GENERAL CANBY.

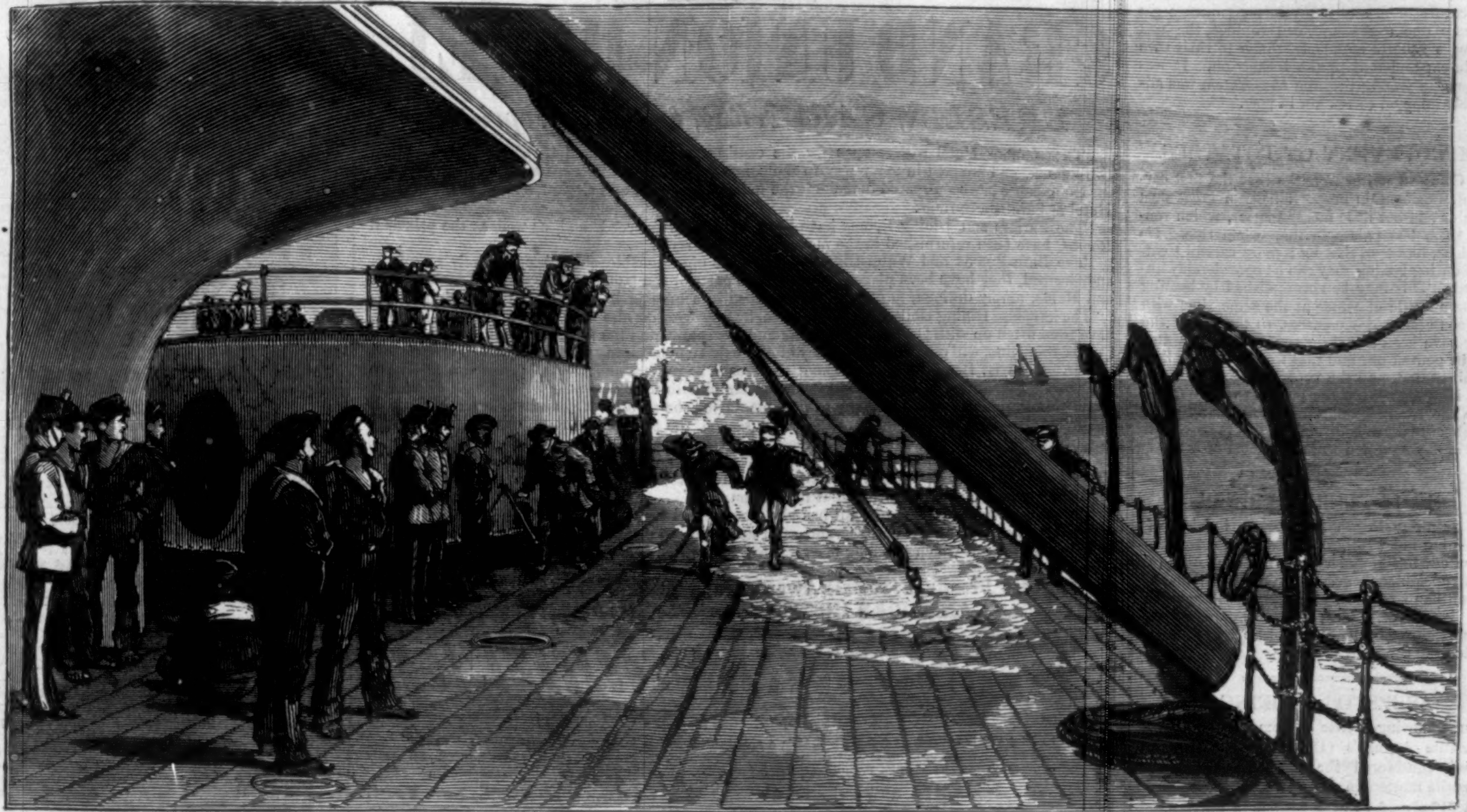
THE funeral of the late General CANBY took place on the 19th ult., at Portland, Oregon, where his body was taken soon after the massacre at the lava beds. The services were held at the residence of Mrs. CANBY, and, at her request, there was no military display.

After the services the remains were taken to Armory Hall, where they lay in state several hours, guarded by detachments from the Washington and Emmet Guards, and were viewed by a large number of citizens. At four o'clock in the afternoon the remains were taken to the place of interment, followed by a large procession. Out of respect to the memory of the gallant soldier, who had greatly endeared himself to the people of Oregon, business was generally suspended in the city, and the principal mercantile establishments were draped in mourning.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE GENERAL CANBY—ARMORY HALL, WHERE THE BODY LAY IN STATE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BUCHTEL & STOLTE.]

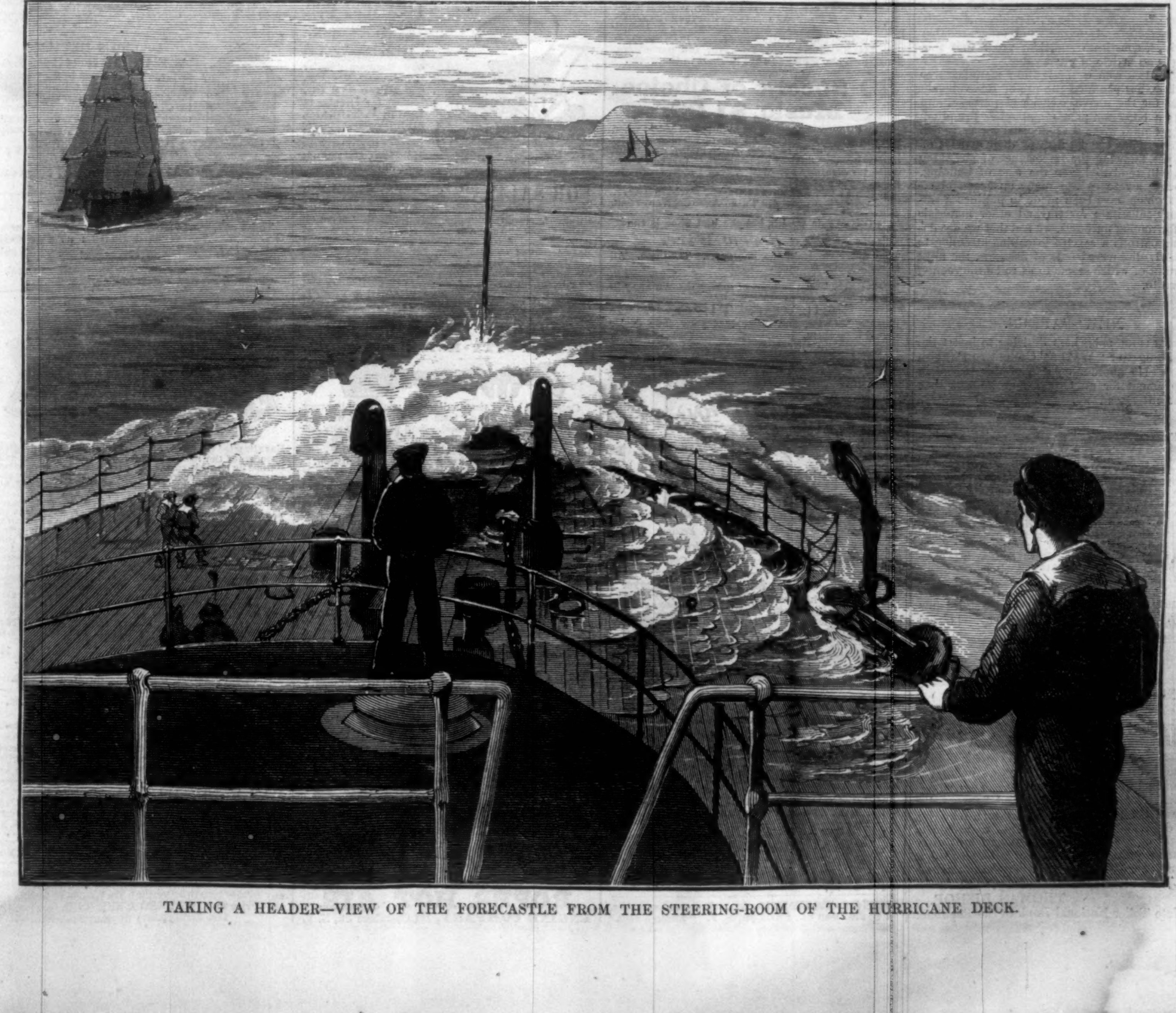
TRIAL TRIP OF THE "DEVASTATION."



VIEW LOOKING OVER THE STARBOARD BOW FROM ABOVE THE BREASTWORK DECK.

The justice of our comments in the last number of the *Weekly* on England's folly in the construction of costly and useless iron-clads is confirmed by the illustrations presented on this page of the recent trial trip of the monster iron-clad *Devastation*. At a distance this huge and ungainly craft has the appearance of a fort; seen nearer, she looks like a barge or raft with a heavy deck load in the centre; this, of course, is the central breastwork and hurricane deck. She is 285 feet in length, sixty-two feet three inches in breadth over the armored belts, and fifty-eight feet over the hull proper. Her weight is 9188 tons, her nominal engine power 700, though working up to seven times this amount, and her extreme draught twenty-six feet six inches. She carries 1600 tons of coal, and a crew of 250, all told. Her armored belt is twelve inches thick; her turrets, of twelve and fourteen inch iron, are armed with two thirty-five ton guns. There are no masts, but simply a signal-pole carrying a derrick for hoisting boats, etc. In the centre of the breastwork is a conning-house, and a hurricane deck over all. Through the breastwork are carried up all the hatchways, funnels, and air-shafts, while the guns have full and uninterrupted command in all directions.

Her recent trial trip, which was not so much to test her sea-going qualities as her rate of speed, took place on a perfectly calm day, when there was scarcely a ripple on the water. At full speed, which reached a little over thirteen knots an hour, and head to wind, as represented in the sketch, she frequently shipped over her forecastle immense volumes of water, the wave reaching at times as high as seven feet above the bulwarks, and rushing aft, was only broken by the intervention of the breastwork deck. Behaving thus in almost a dead calm, it must be a matter of great speculation how she would fare in heavy weather. With the wind more on the port bow, the vessel rolled slightly. Dozens of tars and visitors watched with great interest from the upper deck over the breastwork on the starboard side



TAKING A HEADER—VIEW OF THE FORECASTLE FROM THE STEERING-ROOM OF THE HURRICANE DECK.

the effect of the sea as it surged over her, burying her nose in the immense wave that she pushed before her. At times the spectators were rather too venturesome, and many in consequence got a severe ducking from head to foot, the rest making a general stampede, much to their own merriment and that of the lookers-on. It was the general feeling that the *Devastation* was admirably adapted to remain in port.

IMPROVEMENT OF POTATOES.

A German writer remarks that the first early potatoes contain proportionally a great deal of water and but little mealy matter, which renders them less palatable than when ripe. He mentions, however, that by a more careful treatment during boiling they can be considerably improved. This may be accomplished by heating a second kettle of water at the same time with that containing the potatoes, so that, after the latter have been boiled for some time, the water is to be poured off, and that from the other kettle substituted, and the cooking completed. A great improvement in the potatoes will be found to be the result. Indeed, it is not early potatoes alone that are benefited by this process, but those of any age, and whether peeled or not.

OUR LETTER CARRIERS.

On Saturday Postmaster James, in view of the coming hot weather, contracted for the letter carriers' new summer uniforms, consisting of gray flannel blouse neatly braided with black, vest and pants of same material, the latter with black side stripe. Messrs. Freeman & Burr, the merchant clothiers, of Fulton Street, were awarded the contract.

ASBESTOS ROOFING.

The following article is from the New York Mercantile Agency's (Dunn, Barlow, & Co.) *Annual*, considered the highest authority on mercantile matters in this country:

It will be useful to the readers of the Journal if we refer to the peculiar properties of this remarkable substance now coming into very extensive use for roofing purposes. Asbestos is a mineral possessing fine silk-like fibres, which render it capable of being felted or woven into cloth, and it is indestructible by fire. It is now used in the manufacture of a roofing material, a felting for covering steam pipes and boilers, and a sheathing paper or board for lining houses, etc.

The roofing material referred to is well known as the patent Asbestos Roofing, and is now, we believe, in general use in nearly all parts of the country; and the facts that it received the first premium at the American Institute Fair in November, 1870 and 1871, and is strongly indorsed by the American Institute Farmers' Club of this city, the *New York Tribune*, *American Agriculturist*, *Scientific American*, and other reliable authorities, constitute sufficient proof that this roofing is an article of great value.

Mr. Johns, who is the leading manufacturer in his line, has patented the use of this valuable mineral for the above-mentioned purpose, and also as a body for paints and other fire-proof coatings; and, while it is unusual for us to call attention to any special firm or their articles of trade, yet, knowing the importance of any thing which will tend to lessen the cost of building, and being aware of the many unsuccessful attempts which have been made to produce a satisfactory substitute for tin and other materials used for roofing purposes, we feel that we are doing our patrons a service in calling attention to the newly-discovered uses of asbestos, the most important of which seems to us to be the roofing referred to.

NEWSPAPERS.

Newspaper publishers desiring to insert the advertisement of "Waters' Concerto Parlor Organs" (In another column of this paper) in part payment for an Organ, may address that firm at 481 Broadway.—[*Com.*]

No Female Suffrage Yet.—But something far better and more valuable—a Wilson Sewing-Machine for every wife and mother in the Union, and at the low price of $50 each for the full finished machine. People ask why the Wilson, a leading machine in all respects, can be sold for $50. The answer is easy and direct—because its proprietors do not belong to a great "ring" whose purpose it is to keep up the price of sewing-machines. They are the true friends of the people and show their sincerity in a way that can not be misunderstood. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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New York, *Feb.* 6, 1872.

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Gentlemen,—I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys, liver, and chronic disease of the heart; have been for years under the treatment of our best physicians. Your advertisement came to my notice, and I procured a bottle of the Constitution Water, and, following your directions, I have been able to attend to business ever since, and at present I am in the enjoyment of my former health. I assure you it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefits I have received. Yours truly,

THOMAS BISHOP,
Note Teller National Bank of the Republic.

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No expense has been spared to make it the most comfortable and elegant, as well as the coolest, Hotel at Saratoga Springs.

The Parlors and Dining-Rooms have been elaborately frescoed, and, as well as the principal Rooms, have been refurnished in the newest and latest style.

The Bath-Rooms and Water-Closets—heretofore objectionable—have been entirely removed; and, instead, they have been placed in convenient parts of the Hotel, trimmed with Black Walnut and Maple, amply drained, and altogether finished in a manner inferior to no city establishment.

The immense Dining Hall—two hundred feet by fifty-five—as also the extensive range of Parlors, have been fitted up with Crystal Chandeliers and Reflectors, and the famous Ball-Room, with three Crystal Sunlights, will produce a brilliancy of effect that can be more easily imagined than expressed.

Mr. James H. Breslin will throughout the season be present and give his personal attention to the care and reception of all who will favor the Hotel with their patronage.

With a desire to attract as many as possible during the months of June and September, which are by far the pleasantest months of the whole season, the proprietors have determined to fix the rate of Board for those months at very reasonable rates.

A plan of the various Rooms of this extensive establishment can be seen at the Metropolitan Hotel and Gilsey House, Broadway, New York, where Rooms or Parlors, with Board, can be engaged now and at any time throughout the season.

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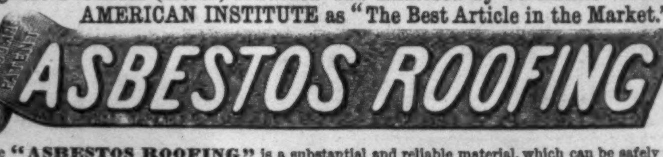

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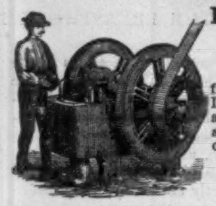

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For reducing to fragments all kinds of hard and brittle substances, such as

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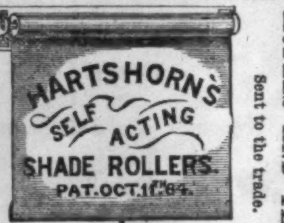
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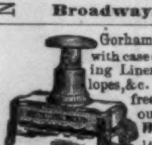

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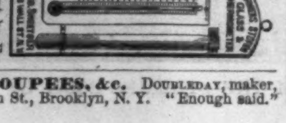

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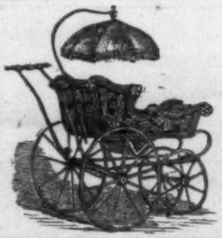

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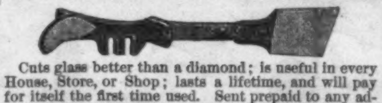

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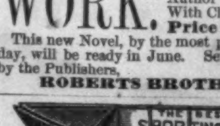

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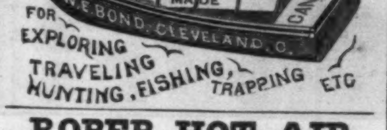

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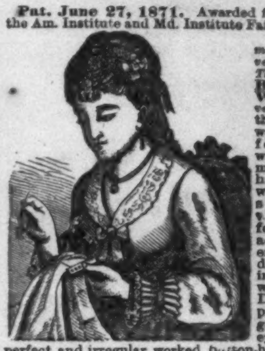

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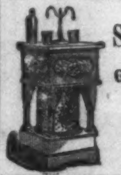

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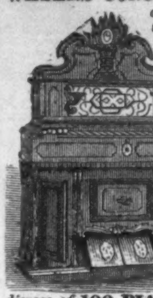

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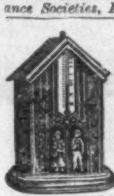

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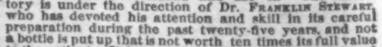
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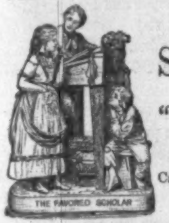

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The undersigned trustees, under the supervision and direction of the undersigned masters appointed in the decree, will, on Friday, the sixth day of June, 1873, in the city of New Orleans, in front of the postoffice of the said city between the hours of eleven o'clock A. M. and three o'clock P. M., proceed to sell the following property described in the said mortgage or deed in four separate parcels, as hereinafter described, at public auction for cash to the highest bidder. First, all that portion of the main line of the railroad of the said New Orleans, Mobile and Texas Railroad Company, located or to be located between the cities of New Orleans and Mobile, and within the said cities and upon the lands, buildings, machinery, rolling stock and other real and personal property, and the franchises, tolls, rights and privileges pertaining and exclusively belonging to said portion of the main line of the said railroad, and separately used with the same and branches and roads connecting thereunto, including all the depots, station houses, engine houses, car houses, freight houses, storehouses, wharves, warehouses, wood houses, machine shops, repair shops, business offices and other shops, offices and buildings now owned or possessed by said corporation, together with the superstructure and iron rails and its appurtenances, rolling stock, engines, cars, tenders, tools, machinery, steamboats, tugboats, and their tackle, apparel and furniture, and other personal property and stock in connecting roads used as aforesaid, and the ferry rights across the Mississippi river. Second, all that portion of the road commencing at the point Westwego, opposite the city of New Orleans, on the west bank of the Mississippi river, and extending along the track of road for a distance of seventy miles, with all the rights of the said corporation in the said portion of the main line; together with the lands, buildings, machinery, stock and other real and personal property, and the franchises, tolls, rights, privileges pertaining and exclusively belonging to the said portion of the said road, and separately used with the same, and including depots, station houses, engine houses, car houses, freight houses, store houses, wharves, warehouses, sheds, machine shops, offices and buildings, in connection with the said portion of road west of Mississippi river, together with the superstructure, iron rails and appurtenances; also the rolling stock, engines, cars, tenders, tools, steamboats, machinery, and other boats and vessels, and their tackle, apparel and furniture, fuel, materials and other personal property appertaining to and used with the constructing, repairing or carrying on the business of this portion of the road separately and exclusively. Third, all that portion of the main line of said road located or to be located from the point on the road seventy miles from Westwego, and extending westerly through the State of Louisiana to the Sabine river, with all the lands, buildings, rights of way, superstructions, franchises, tolls, privileges, depots, stations, or other rights of way of the said corporation, or which may be held or conveyed by the said trustees or under this decree with the connecting roads, either located or surveyed or to be located and surveyed, in the State of Louisiana, and which appertains to the said road or connecting roads or branch roads of that portion of the said road within the said State. Fourth, all of the road from the Sabine river to the city of Houston, in the State of Texas, with all the lands, right of way, superstructions, buildings, depots, stations, station houses, shops, rolling stock, machinery, materials, appertaining or belonging to the line of road from the Sabine river aforesaid to the city of Houston and exclusively belonging to the same, and any other real and personal property, franchises, rights of way, tolls, grants of privileges not herein described, and which are included in the said deed, and it is to be understood that the sale under this deed of trust and the decree herein mentioned is to be subject to a deed of trust bearing date the first day of January, 1869, by the said corporation to Oakes Ames and Edwin D. Morgan, trustees, which affects that portion of the said road and property before mentioned, lying within the cities of New Orleans and Mobile and between the said cities, and is not to impair in any manner the incumbrance aforesaid or the rights under the said deed. The said mortgage or deed to said parties being made to secure a uniform series of bonds of four thousand in number, and each for one thousand dollars, with interest coupons attached of forty dollars each, payable semi-annually on the 1st of January and July of each year, and bearing even date with the mortgage, and which is referred to in the said mortgage or deed of trust to the plaintiff in this suit. And it is further understood that the property included in the second and third or other parcels above described being the property lying westerly of the city of New Orleans and the Mississippi river, in the States of Louisiana and Texas, shall be subject to the mortgages or deeds of trust executed by the said corporation under the power reserved in the deed mortgage of trust described in the proceedings in this cause to issue bonds to an amount in the aggregate not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars per mile for each mile of the railroad or railroads constructed west of the Mississippi river, which power has been executed by the said corporation by the execution of a mortgage executed to Oakes Ames and Edwin D. Morgan, dated the 15th day of March, 1870, whereby an issue of bonds to the amount of twelve thousand five hundred dollars per mile was provided for upon all the tract of road in the State of Louisiana, and the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for all of the track west of the Louisiana line and lying in the State of Texas, which mortgage was modified by an act of mortgage dated 1st January, 1872, but does not increase the amount of the incumbrances; and also a further mortgage, bearing date 1st July, 1870, securing the payment of the second mortgage bonds guaranteed by the State of Louisiana, and which mortgage is an incumbrance on the railroad of said corporation to the west of the Mississippi river and extending to the Sabine river, and all other mortgages existing under said power. There will be prepared twenty days before the day of sale an inventory of the property to be sold in the different parcels, and copies of the mortgages will be in the hands of the Masters for exhibition to any person desiring to purchase. The power to the trustees to bid for the bondholders is reserved in the decree. The Trustees and the Masters will give information of the matter entrusted to them prior to the sale.

(Signed)
HENRY J. GARDNER.
PETER BUTLER,
Trustees.
J. W. GURLEY,
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INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49
Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Baqsue, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
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FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)	" 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT	" 51
Vol. VI.	
DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
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GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
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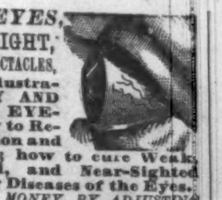

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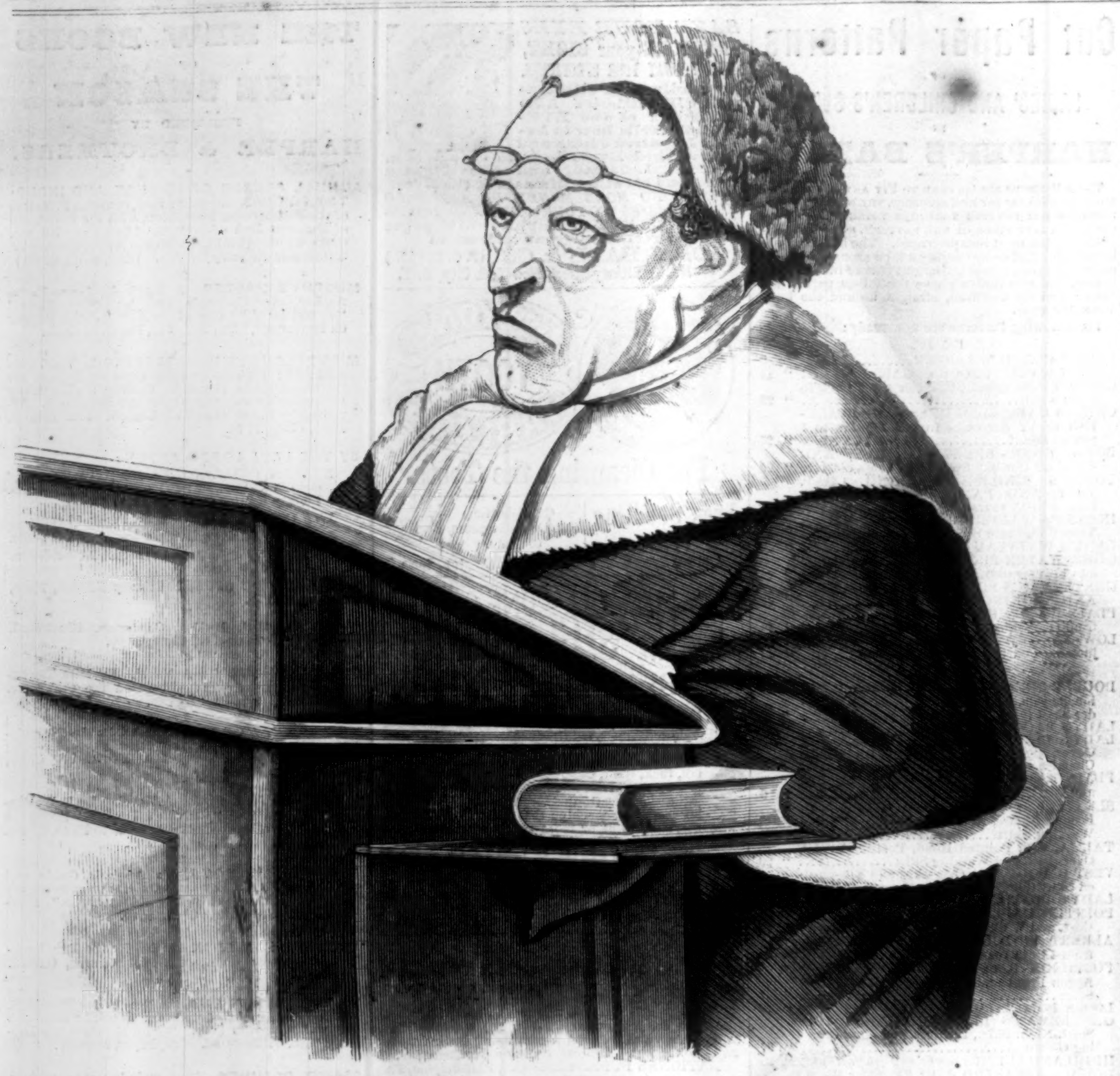

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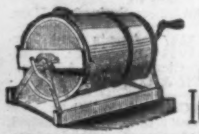

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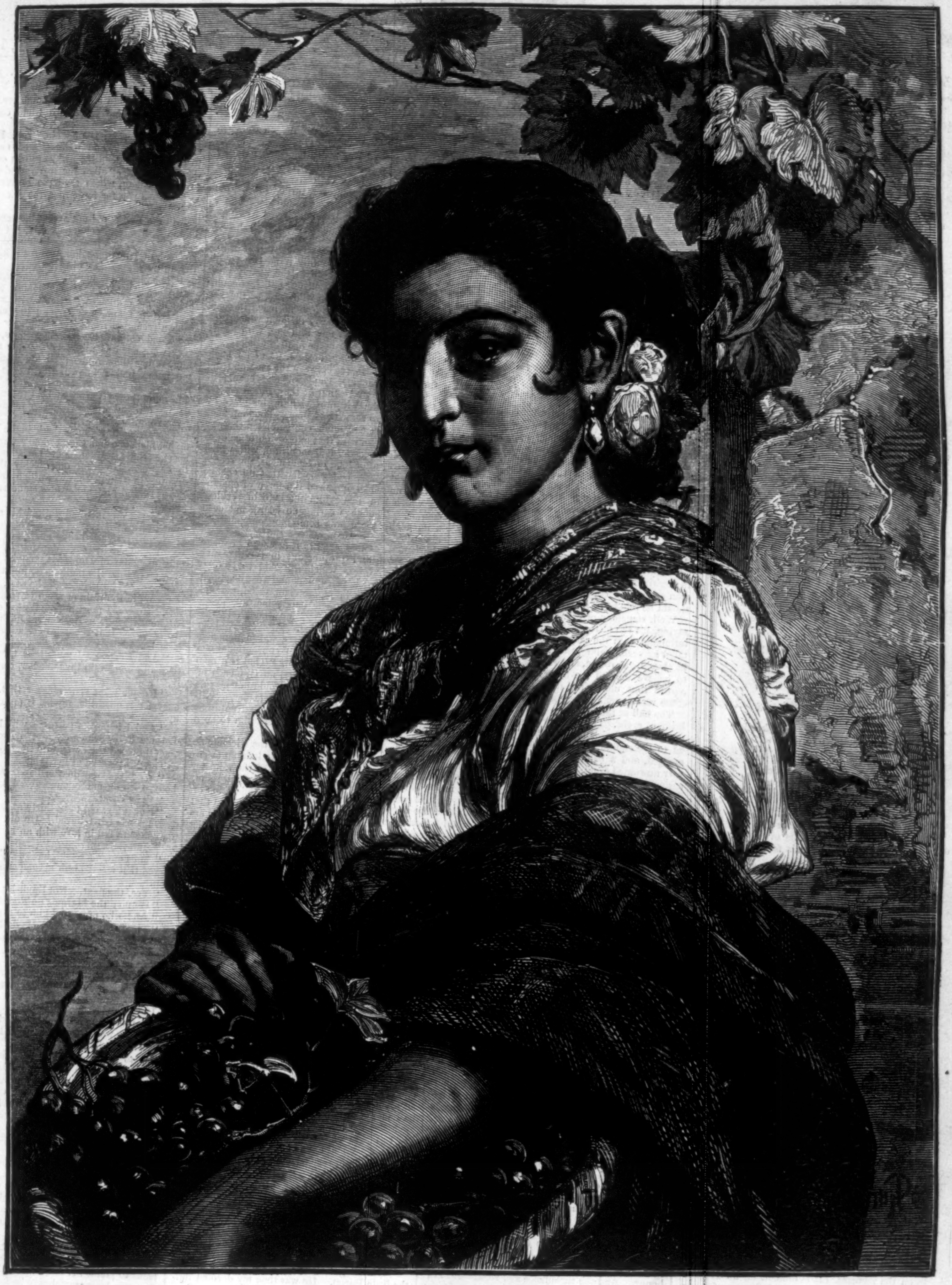


THE GRAPE-GATHERER.

THE GRAPE-GATHERER.

In no country is the vintage more closely allied with poetical and romantic associations than in Italy. The German and French grape-growing regions are as ugly and unprepossessing as a corn field after cutting—with the exception, of course, of the Rhine and Moselle regions—the vine being a low, dwarf plant, closely pruned, and raised only two or three feet from the ground. But Italy still cultivates the vine as she did when the Georgics were written—trains them over trees and trellises in lovely festoons, than which nothing more graceful and picturesque can be imagined. Italian vineyards may be less productive than those of Germany and France, but they are infinitely more pleasing to the eye. Nor can any thing be more attractive to the artistic sense than the young women and girls who pick the grapes during the time of vintage, and among whom are frequently seen those whom Raphael would have delighted to paint.

It is true, the Italian vintage has its ugly and prosaic side. An English traveler declares, from personal observation, that gathering the vintage is any thing but a pleasing sight. In one of the heavy tumbrels or carts are placed some twelve or fifteen large pails, some three feet deep and a foot or so in diameter. Into these are thrown pell-mell the bunches of fruit, ripe and unripe, clean and dirty, stalks and all, red and white, indiscriminately. The cart thus laden with the dirty, unsightly slush, it is driven to the "falloria," where the contents of the pails are emptied into vats which appear, both to nose and eye, never to have been cleansed since they were made. In these vats the juice of the grapes is trodden out by men who dance about in them with naked feet and legs. The spectacle is not pleasant to the eye, though the imagination of Browning has invested even this scene with all the charms of poetical association. Sometimes, after the process of treading out, the mass of crushed grapes has to be transported in huge barrels, like water casks, to another place to undergo fermentation; and there the thick, muddy stream, laden with filth and impurities of all sorts, which is seen when these barrels discharge their contents, is little calculated to give one a pleasing idea of the "ruby" wine which is to be the result of this indescribably disgusting mash. Add to this an exceedingly unpleasant smell in and all about the buildings in which any part of the wine-making process takes place, the heaps of rotting grapes, the utter want of cleanliness, and the matter-of-fact reader will be greatly at loss to account for the enthusiastic praises and descriptions to be found in the poets. A peculiar sort of inspiration, born of "the red blood of the lusty vine," may, perhaps, account for it.

U of M

AT THE EASEL.

The ruddy sunlight travels on
From window-ledge to door,
And turns to many a golden grain
The dust upon the floor:
It shines in Jewish Myrian's eyes,
And blazes fitfully
Among the drifted ashes, where
A dancing flame should be.

I, hopeless, at my easel sit
With anguished thoughts and wild;
My fingers tremble as they touch
The red lips of the child—
So red! my lips are drawn and white,
With hunger's parching breath;
Mine eyes are weary of the light:
God send me help or death.

There was a day—ah! hope doth crown
More royally than kings—
I left my mother's garden gate
And all life's meaner things;
I read my future in the stars,
Laughed at my low estate:
I'd give my life to stand again
Within that garden gate.

O Fame! you mocked me to my face;
Your smiles were siren-sweet;
I worshiped you with patient faith,
Knelt humbly at your feet.
While meaner men with bold career
Your fickle fancy won,
I, like a laborer at the lodge,
Unpaid, am starving on.

Two by the clock! the shadows creep
With phantom step and slow;
In happy homes the sun is bright,
And red fires burn and glow,
And dainty dishes deck the board,
And light hearts banish doubt—
My God! the tempting viands wait,
While beggars die without!

Enter Reporter.

Ah! so—an item! man found dead,
Still loyal to his brush.
Mem., garret—two worn carpet chairs,
And one of broken rush.

Mem., easel—one fine painting left
Unfinished; on the wall
Some studies, sharp pre-Raphaelite:
A song would buy them all.

This Jewish face is Myrian;
There's power in the touch;
Too little purpose in the eye,
And shade a thought too much.

Mem., broken promises, like ghosts,
Invade this stifled place;
They've left the impress of despair
Upon the dead man's face.

Mem., plaster bust, a pewter spoon,
A Rembrandt study—so!
The man had genius—half a loaf—
Broken on canvas, though.

He painted that he needed most—
Worked with a famished laugh;
Fancied, perchance, some poorer soul
Enjoyed the other half.

I wonder if he had a home?
Mem., Bible—"Martha Shed,"
Name on the fly-leaf. "To my boy."
Heaven grant she may be dead!

A wretched lesson! so we go!
For one who wins the crown
In these great cities, rich in arts,
Hundreds go down—go down.

(Continued from No. 855, page 427.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," etc., etc.

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER II.

Yes, the *Sens Commun* was a success; it had made a sensation at starting; the sensation was on the increase. It is difficult for an Englishman to comprehend the full influence of a successful journal at Paris; the station—political literary, social—which it confers on the contributors who effect the success. M. Lebeau had shown much more sagacity in selecting Gustave Rameau for the nominal editor than Savarin supposed or my reader might detect. In the first place, Gustave himself, with all his defects of information and solidity of intellect, was not without real genius; and a sort of genius that, when kept in restraint, and its field confined to sentiment or sarcasm, was in unison with the temper of the day: in the second place, it was only through Gustave that Lebeau could have got at Savarin; and the names which that brilliant writer had secured at the outset would have sufficed to draw attention to the earliest numbers of the *Sens Commun*, despite a title which did not seem alluring. But these names alone could not have sufficed to circulate the new journal to the extent it had already reached. This was due to the curiosity excited by leading articles of a style new to the Parisian public, and of which the authorship defied conjecture. They were signed Pierre Firmin—supposed to be a *nom de plume*, as that name was utterly unknown in the world of letters. They affected the tone of an impartial observer; they neither espoused nor attacked any particular party; they laid down no abstract doctrines of government. But somehow or other, in language terse yet familiar, sometimes careless yet never vulgar, they expressed a prevailing sentiment of uneasy discontent, a foreboding of some destined change in things established, without defining the nature of such change, without saying whether it would be for good or for evil. In his criticisms upon individuals the writer was guarded and moderate—the keenest-eyed censor of the press could not have found a pretext for interference with expressions of opinions so polite. Of the Emperor these articles spoke little, but that little was not disrespectful; yet, day after day, the articles contributed to sap the empire. All malcontents of every shade comprehended, as by a secret of freemasonry, that in this journal they had an ally. Against religion not a word was uttered, yet the enemies of religion bought that journal; still, the friends of religion bought it too, for those articles treated with irony the philosophers on paper who thought that their contradictory crotchets could fuse themselves into any single Utopia, or that any social edifice, hurriedly run up by the crazy few, could become a permanent habitation for the turbulent many, without the clamps of a creed.

The tone of these articles always corresponded with the title of the journal—*Common-sense*. It was to common-sense that it appealed—appealed in the utterance of a man who disdained the subtle theories, the vehement declamation, the credulous beliefs, or the inflated bombast which constitute so large a portion of the Parisian press. The articles rather resembled certain organs of the English press, which profess to be blinded by no enthusiasm for any body or any thing, which find their sale in that sympathy with ill nature to which Huet ascribes the popularity of Tacitus, and, always quietly undermining institutions with a covert sneer, never pretend to a spirit of imagination so at variance with common-sense as a conjecture how the institutions should be rebuilt or replaced.

Well, somehow or other the journal, as I was saying, hit the taste of the Parisian public. It intimated, with the easy grace of an unpremeditated agreeable talker, that French society in all its classes was rotten, and each class was willing to believe that all the others were rotten, and agreed that unless the others were reformed, there was something very unsound in itself.

The ball at the Duchesse de Tarascon's was a brilliant event. The summer was far advanced; many of the Parisian holiday-makers had returned to the capital, but the season had not commenced, and a ball at that time of year was a very unwonted event. But there was a special occasion for this *fête*—a marriage between a niece of the Duchesse and the son of a great official in high favor at the Imperial Court.

The dinner at Louvier's broke up early, and the music for the second waltz was sounding when Enguerrand, Alain, and the Vicomte de Mauléon ascended the stairs. Raoul did not accompany them; he went very rarely to any balls—never to one given by an Imperialist, however nearly related to him the Imperialist might be. But, in the sweet indulgence of his good nature, he had no blame for those who did go—not for Enguerrand, still less, of course, for Alain.

Something, too, might well here be said as to his feelings toward Victor de Mauléon. He had joined in the family acquittal of that kinsman as to the grave charge of the jewels; the proofs of innocence thereon seemed to him unequivocal and decisive, therefore he had called on the Vicomte and acquiesced in all formal civilities shown to him. But, such acts of justice to a fellow-*gentilhomme* and a kinsman duly performed, he desired to see as little as possible of the Vicomte de Mauléon. He reasoned thus: "Of every charge which society made against this man he is guiltless. But of all the claims to admiration which society accorded to him, before it erroneously condemned, there are none which make me covet his friendship, or suffice to dispel doubts as to what he may be when society once more receives him. And the man is so captivating that I should dread his influence over myself did I see much of him."

Raoul kept his reasonings to himself, for he had that sort of charity which indisposes an amiable man to be severe on by-gone offenses. In the eyes of Enguerrand and Alain, and such young votaries of the *mode* as they could influence, Victor de Mauléon assumed almost heroic proportions. In the affair which had inflicted on him a calumny so odious it was clear that he had acted with chivalrous delicacy of honor. And the turbulence and recklessness of his earlier years, redeemed as they were, in the traditions of his contemporaries, by courage and generosity, were not offenses to which young Frenchmen are inclined to be harsh. All question as to the mode in which his life might have been passed during his long absence from the capital was merged in the respect due to the only facts known, and these were clearly proved in his *pièces justificatives*. First, That he had served under another name in the ranks of the army in Algiers; had distinguished himself there for signal valor, and received, with promotion, the decoration of the cross. His real name was known only to his colonel, and on quitting the service the colonel placed in his hands a letter of warm eulogy on his conduct, and identifying him as Victor de Mauléon. Secondly, That in California he had saved a wealthy family from midnight murder, fighting single-handed against and overmastering three ruffians, and declining all other reward from those he had preserved than a written attestation of their gratitude. In all countries valor ranks high in the list of virtues; in no country does it so absolve from vices as it does in France.

But as yet Victor de Mauléon's vindication was only known by a few, and those belonging to the gayer circles of life. How he might be judged by the sober middle class, which constitutes the most important section of public opinion to a candidate for political trusts and distinctions, was another question.

The Duchesse stood at the door to receive her visitors. Duplessis was seated near the entrance, by the side of a distinguished member of the Imperial Government, with whom he was carrying on a whispered conversation. The eye of the financier, however, turned toward the doorway as Alain and Enguerrand entered, and, passing over their familiar faces, fixed itself attentively on that of a much older man whom Enguerrand was presenting to the Duchesse, and in whom Duplessis rightly divined the Vicomte de Mauléon. Certainly if no one could have recognized M. Lebeau in the stately personage who had visited Louvier, still less could one who had heard of the wild feats of the *roi des viveurs* in his youth reconcile belief in such tales with the quiet modesty of mien which distinguished the cavalier now replying, with bended head and subdued accents, to the courteous welcome of the brilliant hostess. But for such difference in attributes between the past and the present De Mauléon, Duplessis had been prepared by the conversation at the *Maison Dorée*. And now, as the Vicomte, yielding his place by the Duchesse to some new-comer, glided on, and, leaning against a column, contemplated the gay scene before him with that expression of countenance, half sarcastic, half mournful, with which men regard, after long estrangement, the scenes of departed joys, Duplessis felt that no change in that man had impaired the force of character which had made him the hero of reckless coevals. Though wearing no beard, not even a mustache, there was something emphatically masculine in the contour of the close-shaven cheek and resolute jaw, in a forehead broad at the temples, and protuberant in those organs over the eyebrows which are said to be significant of quick perception and ready action; in the lips, when in repose compressed, perhaps somewhat stern in their expression, but pliant and mobile when speaking, and wonderfully fascinating when they smiled. Altogether, about this Victor de Mauléon there was a nameless distinction, apart from that of conventional elegance. You would have said, "That is a man of some marked individuality, an eminence of some kind in himself." You would not be surprised to hear that he was a party leader, a skilled diplomatist, a daring soldier, an adventurous traveler, but you would not guess him to be a student, an author, an artist.

While Duplessis thus observed the Vicomte de Mauléon, all the while seeming to lend an attentive ear to the whispered voice of the minister by his side, Alain passed on into the ball-room. He was fresh enough to feel the exhilaration of the dance. Enguerrand (who had survived that excitement, and who habitually deserted any assembly at an early hour for the cigar and whist of his club) had made his way to De Mauléon, and there stationed himself. The lion of one generation has always a mixed feeling of curiosity and respect for the lion of a generation before him, and the young Vandemar had conceived a strong and almost an affectionate interest in this discrowned king of that realm in fashion which, once lost, is never to be regained; for it is only Youth that can hold its sceptre and command its subjects.

"In this crowd, Vicomte," said Enguerrand, "there must be many old acquaintances of yours?"

"Perhaps so; but as yet I have only seen new faces."

As he thus spoke, a middle-aged man, decorated with the grand cross of the Legion and half a dozen foreign orders, lending his arm to a lady of the same age radiant in diamonds, passed by toward the ball-room, and in some sudden swerve of his person, occasioned by a pause of his companion to adjust her train, he accidentally brushed against De Mauléon, whom he had not before noticed. Turning round to apologize for his awkwardness, he encountered the full gaze of the Vicomte, started, changed countenance, and hurried on his companion.

"Do you not recognize his Excellency?" said Enguerrand, smiling. "His can not be a new face to you."

"Is it the Baron de Lacy?" asked De Mauléon.

"The Baron de Lacy, now Count d'Epinay, embassador at the Court of ——, and, if report speak true, likely soon to exchange that post for the *portefeuille* of minister."

"He has got on in life since I saw him last, the little Baron. He was then my devoted imitator, and I was not proud of the imitation."

"He has got on by always clinging to the skirts of some one stronger than himself—to yours, I dare say, when, being a *parvenu* despite his usurped title of Baron, he aspired to the *entrée* into clubs and *salons*. The *entrée* thus obtained, the rest followed easily: he became a *millionnaire* through a wife's *dot*, and an embassador through the wife's lover, who is a power in the state."

"But he must have substance in himself. Empty bags can not be made to stand upright. Ah! unless I mistake, I see some one I knew better. Yon pale thin man, also with the grand cross—surely that is Alfred Hennequin. Is he, too, a decorated Imperialist? I left him a socialistic Republican."

"But, I presume, even then an eloquent *avocat*. He got into the Chamber, spoke well, defended the *coup d'état*. He has just been made *Préfet* of the great department of the ——, a popular appointment. He bears a high character. Pray renew your acquaintance with him; he is coming this way."

"Will so grave a dignitary renew acquaintance with me? I doubt it."

But as De Mauléon said this he moved from the column and advanced toward the *Préfet*. Enguerrand followed him, and saw the Vicomte extend his hand to his old acquaintance. The *Préfet* stared, and said, with frigid courtesy, "Pardon me—some mistake."

"Allow me, M. Hennequin," said Enguerrand, interposing, and wishing good-naturedly to save De Mauléon the awkwardness of introducing himself—"allow me to reintroduce you to my kinsman, whom the lapse of years may well excuse you for forgetting, the Vicomte de Mauléon."

Still the *Préfet* did not accept the hand. He bowed with formal ceremony, said, "I was not aware that M. le Vicomte had returned to Paris," and, moving to the doorway, made his salutation to the hostess and disappeared.

"The insolent!" muttered Enguerrand.

"Hush!" said De Mauléon, quietly; "I can fight no more duels—especially with a *Préfet*. But I own I am weak enough to feel hurt at such a reception from Hennequin, for he owed me some obligations—small, perhaps, but still they were such as might have made me select him, rather than Louvier, as the vindicator of my name, had I known him to be so high placed. But a man who has raised himself into an authority may well be excused for forgetting a friend whose character needs defense. I forgive him."

There was something pathetic in the Vicomte's tone which touched Enguerrand's warm if light heart. But De Mauléon did not allow him time to answer. He went on quickly through an opening in the gay crowd, which immediately closed behind him, and Enguerrand saw him no more that evening.

Duplessis ere this had quitted his seat by the minister, drawn thence by a young and very pretty girl resigned to his charge by a cavalier with whom she had been dancing. She was the only daughter of Duplessis, and he valued her even more than the millions he had made at the Bourse. "The Princess," she said, "has been swept off in the train of some German Royalty; so, *petit père*, I must impose myself on thee."

The Princess, a Russian of high rank, was the *chaperon* that evening of Mademoiselle Valérie Duplessis.

"And I suppose I must take thee back into the ball-room," said the financier, smiling proudly, "and find thee partners."

"I don't want your aid for that, monsieur; except this quadrille, my list is pretty well filled up."

"And I hope the partners will be pleasant. Let me know who they are," he whispered, as they threaded their way into the ball-room.

The girl glanced at her tablet.

"Well, the first on the list is milord somebody, with an unpronounceable English name."

"Beau cavalier?"

"No; ugly, old too—thirty at least."

Duplessis felt relieved. He did not wish his daughter to fall in love with an Englishman.

"And the next?"

"The next," she said, hesitatingly, and he observed that a soft blush accompanied the hesitation.

"Yes, the next. Not English too?"

"Oh no; the Marquis de Rochebriant."

"Ah! who presented him to thee?"

"Thy friend, *petit père*, M. de Brézé."

Duplessis again glanced at his daughter's face; it was bent over her bouquet.

"Is he ugly also?"

"Ugly?" exclaimed the girl, indignantly; "why, he is—" She checked herself and turned away her head.

Duplessis became thoughtful. He was glad that he had accompanied his child into the ball-room; he would stay there and keep watch on her, and Rochebriant also.

Up to that moment he had felt a dislike to Rochebriant. That young noble's too obvious pride of race had nettled him, not the less that the financier himself was vain of his ancestry. Perhaps he still disliked Alain, but the dislike was now accompanied with a certain, not hostile, interest; and if he became connected with the race, the pride in it might grow contagious.

They had not been long in the ball-room before Alain came up to claim his promised partner. In saluting Duplessis, his manner was the same as usual—not more cordial, not less ceremoniously distant. A man so able as the financier can not be without quick knowledge of the human heart.

"If disposed to fall in love with Valérie," thought Duplessis, "he would have taken more pains to please her father. Well, thank Heaven, there are better matches to be found for her than a noble without fortune, and a Legitimist without career."

In fact, Alain felt no more for Valérie than for any other pretty girl in the room. In talking with the Vicomte de Brézé in the intervals of the dance, he had made some passing remark on her beauty; De Brézé had said, "Yes, she is charming; I will present you;" and hastened to do so before Rochebriant even learned her name. So introduced, he could but invite her to give him her first disengaged dance; and when that was fixed, he had retired, without entering into conversation.

Now, as they took their places in the quadrille, he felt that effort of speech had become a duty, if not a pleasure, and, of course, he began with the first commonplace which presented itself to his mind.

"Do you not think it a very pleasant ball, mademoiselle?"

"Yes," dropped, in almost inaudible reply, from Valérie's rosy lips.

"And not overcrowded, as most balls are."

Valérie's lips again moved, but this time quite inaudibly.

The obligations of the figure now caused a pause. Alain racked his brains, and began again:

"They tell me that the last season was more than usually gay; of that I can not judge, for it was well-nigh over when I came to Paris for the first time."

Valérie looked up with a more animated expression than her child-like face had yet shown, and said, this time distinctly, "This is my first ball, Monsieur le Marquis."

"One has only to look at mademoiselle to divine that fact," replied Alain, gallantly.

Again the conversation was interrupted by the dance, but the ice between the two was now broken. And when the quadrille was concluded, and Rochebriant led the fair Valérie back to her father's side, she felt as if she had been listening to the music of the spheres, and that the music had now suddenly stopped. Alain, alas for her! was under no such pleasing illusion. Her talk had seemed to him artless indeed, but very insipid, compared with the brilliant conversation of the wedded *Parisiennes* with whom he more habitually danced; and it was with rather a sensation of relief that he made his parting bow, and receded into the crowd of by-standers.

Meanwhile De Mauléon had quitted the assemblage, walking slowly through the deserted streets toward his apartment. The civilities he had met at Louvier's dinner-party, and the marked distinction paid to him by kinsmen of rank and position so unequivocal as Alain and Enguerrand, had softened his mood and cheered his spirits. He had begun to question himself whether a fair opening to his political ambition was really forbidden to him under the existent order of things, whether it necessitated the employment of such dangerous tools as those to which anger and despair had reconciled his intellect. But the pointed way in which he had been shunned or slighted by the two men who belonged to political life—to men who in youth had looked up to himself, and whose dazzling career of honors was identified with the imperial system—reanimated his fiercer passions and his more perilous designs. The frigid accost of Hennequin more especially galled him; it wounded not only his pride, but his heart; it had the venom of ingratitude, and it is the peculiar privilege of ingratitude to wound hearts that have learned to harden themselves to the hate or contempt of men to whom no services have been rendered. In some private affair concerning his property De Mauléon had had occasion to consult Hennequin, then a rising young *avocat*. Out of that consultation a friendship had sprung up, despite the differing habits and social grades of the two men. One day, calling on Hennequin, he found him in a state of great nervous excitement. The *avocat* had received a public insult in the *salon* of a noble, to whom De Mauléon had introduced him, from a man who pretended to the hand of a young lady to whom Hennequin was attached, and, indeed, almost affianced. The man was a notorious *spadassin*—a duelist little less renowned for skill in all weapons than De Mauléon himself. The affair had been such that Hennequin's friends assured him he had no choice but to challenge this bravo. Hennequin, brave enough at the bar, was no hero before sword-point or pistol. He was utterly ignorant of the use of either weapon; his death in the encounter with an antagonist so formidable seemed to him certain, and life was so precious; an honorable and distinguished career opening before him, marriage with the woman he loved: still he had the Frenchman's point of honor. He had been told that he must fight; well, then, he must. He asked De Mauléon to be one of his seconds, and in asking him, sank in his chair, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"Wait till to-morrow," said De Mauléon; "take no step till then. Meanwhile you are in my hands, and I answer for your honor."

On leaving Hennequin, Victor sought the *spadassin* at the club of which they were both members, and contrived, without reference to Hennequin, to pick a quarrel with him. A challenge ensued; a duel with swords took place the next morning. De Mauléon disarmed and wounded his antagonist, not gravely, but sufficiently to terminate the encounter. He assisted to convey the wounded man to his apartment, and planted himself by his bedside, as if he were a friend.

"Why on earth did you fasten a quarrel on me?" asked the *spadassin;* "and why, having done so, did you spare my life?—for your sword was at my heart when you shifted its point, and pierced my shoulder."

"I will tell you, and in so doing beg you to accept my friendship hereafter, on one condition. In the course of the day write or dictate a few civil words of apology to M. Hennequin. *Ma foi!* every one will praise you for a generosity so becoming in a man who has given such proofs of courage and skill to an *avocat* who has never handled a sword nor fired a pistol."

That same day De Mauléon remitted to Hennequin an apology for heated words freely retracted, which satisfied all his friends. For the service thus rendered by De Mauléon Hennequin declared himself everlastingly indebted. In fact, he entirely owed to that friend his life, his marriage, his honor, his career.

"And now," thought De Mauléon—"now, when he could so easily requite me—now he will not even take my hand. Is human nature itself at war with me?"

CHAPTER III.

Nothing could be simpler than the apartment of the Vicomte de Mauléon, in the second story of a quiet old-fashioned street. It had been furnished at small cost out of his savings. Yet, on the whole, it evinced the good taste of a man who had once been among the exquisites of the polite world. You felt that you were in the apartment of a gentleman, and a gentleman of somewhat severe tastes, and of sober matured years. He was sitting the next morning in the room which he used as a private study. Along the walls were arranged dwarf book-cases, as yet occupied by few books, most of them books of reference, others cheap editions of the French classics in prose—no poets, no romance-writers—with a few Latin authors also in prose—Cicero, Sallust, Tacitus. He was engaged at his desk writing—a book with its leaves open before him, *Paul Louis Courier*, that model of political irony and masculine style of composition. There was a ring at his door-bell. The Vicomte kept no servant. He rose and answered the summons. He recoiled a few paces on recognizing his visitor in M. Hennequin.

The *Préfet* this time did not withdraw his hand; he extended it, but it was with a certain awkwardness and timidity.

"I thought it my duty to call on you, Vicomte, thus early, having already seen M. Enguerrand de Vandemar. He has shown me the copies of the *pièces* which were inspected by your distinguished kinsmen, and which completely clear you of the charge that, grant me your pardon when I say, seemed to me still to remain unanswered when I had the honor to meet you last night."

"It appears to me, M. Hennequin, that you, as an *avocat* so eminent, might have convinced yourself very readily of that fact."

"M. le Vicomte, I was in Switzerland with my wife at the time of the unfortunate affair in which you were involved."

"But when you returned to Paris you might perhaps have deigned to make inquiries so affecting the honor of one you had called a friend, and for whom you had professed"—De Mauléon paused; he disdained to add—"an eternal gratitude."

Hennequin colored slightly, but replied with self-possession:

"I certainly did inquire. I did hear that the charge against you with regard to the abstraction of the jewels was withdrawn—that you were therefore acquitted by law; but I heard also that society did not acquit you, and that, finding this, you had quitted France. Pardon me again, no one would listen to me when I attempted to speak on your behalf. But now that so many years have elapsed, that the story is imperfectly remembered—that relations so high placed receive you so cordially—now I rejoice to think that you will have no difficulty in regaining a social position never really lost, but for a time resigned."

"I am duly sensible of the friendly joy you express. I was reading the other day in a lively author some pleasant remarks on the effects of *médisance* or calumny upon our impressionable Parisian public. 'If,' says the writer, 'I found myself accused of having put the two towers of Notre Dame into my waistcoat pocket, I should not dream of defending myself; I should take to flight. And,' adds the writer, 'if my best friend were under the same accusation, I should be so afraid of being considered his accomplice that I should put my best friend outside the door.' Perhaps, M. Hennequin, I was seized with the first alarm. Why should I blame you if seized with the second? Happily, this good city of Paris has its reactions. And you can now offer me your hand. Paris has by this time discovered that the two towers of Notre Dame are not in my pocket."

There was a pause. De Mauléon had resettled himself at his desk, bending over his papers, and his manner seemed to imply that he considered the conversation at an end.

But a pang of shame, of remorse, of tender remembrance, shot across the heart of the decorous, worldly, self-seeking man, who owed all that he now was to the *ci-devant vaurien* before him. Again he stretched forth his hand, and this time grasped De Mauléon's warmly. "Forgive me," he said, feelingly and hoarsely; "forgive me. I was to blame. By character, and perhaps by the necessities of my career, I am over-timid to public opinion, public scandal—forgive me. Say if in any thing now I can requite, though but slightly, the service I owe you."

De Mauléon looked steadily at the *Préfet*, and said, slowly, "Would you serve me in turn? Are you sincere?"

The *Préfet* hesitated a moment, then answered, firmly, "Yes."

"Well, then, what I ask of you is a frank opinion—not as a lawyer, not as *Préfet*, but as a man who knows the present state of French society. Give that opinion without respect to my feelings one way or other. Let it emanate solely from your practiced judgment."

"Be it so," said Hennequin, wondering what was to come.

De Mauléon resumed:

"As you may remember, during my former career I had no political ambition. I did not meddle with politics. In the troubled times that immediately succeeded the fall of Louis Philippe I was but an epicurean looker-on. Grant that, so far as admission to the *salons* are concerned, I shall encounter no difficulty in regaining position. But as regards the Chamber, public life, a political career—can I have my fair opening under the empire? You pause. Answer as you have promised, frankly."

"The difficulties in the way of a political career would be very great."

"Insuperable?"

"I fear so. Of course, in my capacity of *Préfet*, I have no small influence in my department in support of a government candidate. But I do not think that the Imperial Government could, at this time especially, in which it must be very cautious in selecting its candidates, be induced to recommend you. The affair of the jewels would be raked up—your vindication disputed, denied—the fact that for so many years you have acquiesced in that charge without taking steps to refute it—your antecedents, even apart from that charge—your present want of property (M. Enguerrand tells me your income is but moderate)—the absence of all previous repute in public life. No; relinquish the idea of political contest—it would expose you to inevitable mortifications, to a failure that would even jeopardize the admission to the *salons* which you are now gaining. You could not be a government candidate."

"Granted. I have no desire to be one; but an opposition candidate, one of the Liberal party?"

"As an Imperialist," said Hennequin, smiling gravely, "and holding the office I do, it would not become me to encourage a candidate against the Emperor's government. But speaking with the frankness you solicit, I should say that your chances there are infinitely worse. The opposition are in a pitiful minority—the most eminent of the Liberals can scarcely gain seats for themselves; great local popularity or property, high established repute for established patriotism, or proved talents of oratory and statesmanship, are essential qualifications for a seat in the opposition, and even these do not suffice for a third of the persons who possess them. Be again what you were before, the hero of *salons* remote from the turbulent vulgarity of politics."

"I am answered. Thank you once more. The service I rendered you once is requited now."

"No, indeed—no; but will you dine with me quietly to-day, and allow me to present to you my wife and two children, born since we parted? I say to-day, for to-morrow I return to my *Préfecture*."

"I am infinitely obliged by your invitation, but to-day I dine with the Count de Beauvilliers to meet some of the *Corps Diplomatique*. I must make good my place in the *salons*, since you so clearly show me that I have no chance of one in the Legislature—unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless there happen one of those revolutions in which the scum comes uppermost."

"No fear of that. The subterranean barracks and railway have ended forever the rise of the scum—the reign of the *canaille* and its barricades."

"Adieu, my dear Hennequin. My respectful *hommages à madame*."

After that day the writings of Pierre Firmin in *Le Sens Commun*, though still keeping within the pale of the law, became more decidedly hostile to the imperial system, still without committing their author to any definite programme of the sort of government that should succeed it.

[to be continued.]

POETIC IRISH FOLK-LORE.

Merrows, mermen, merwomen, mermaids, are to be included among the graceful folk-lore fauna of Ireland. The most learned commentators on Celtic antiquities assure us that the first merman was named Fintan, who came to Ireland before the deluge, and was saved from drowning by being transformed into a fish. He afterward lived in his natural form, though represented in sculptures in the same shape as the Assyrian Dagon (in a kind of salmon-skin cloak), until the days of St. Patrick, by whom he was converted to Christianity, and he ultimately became a saint, and died at a good old age. In the cathedral of Clonfert, County Galway, is the figure of a mermaid of the ordinary pattern, except that she carries an open book in her hand instead of the regulation looking-glass. Mr. Marcus Keane, in his *Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland*, endeavors to trace a distinct connection between this County Galway mermaid and Vishnu, as represented in the *Matsya Avatar*. A drawing of Vishnu certainly carries out Mr. Keane's curious suggestion, the Indian deity issuing from the mouth of a fish, the fish covering the lower portion of the body, while the figure bears a book in her hand. The Irish mermaid, in fact, Mr. Keane concludes, is identical with the fish-god of India, Babylon, and Canaan. In the *Annals of the Four Masters* we are told, "In this year (558) was taken the mermaid—*i.e.*, Liban, the daughter of Eochaidh." But the annals of Ulster set down this remarkable capture as having occurred in 571. "According to a wild legend this Liban was the daughter of Eochaidh, from whom Loch Eathach or Loch Neagh was named, and who was drowned in its eruption (A.D. 90), together with all his children except his daughter Liban and his sons Conaing and Cwman. The lady Liban was preserved from the waters of Loch Neagh for a full year in her *grianan* (or cave) under the lake. After this, at her own desire, she was changed into a salmon, and continued to traverse the seas until the time of St. Cumghall, of Bangor." It would seem as if St. Cumghall got into communication with the mermaid, or salmon, for the legend proceeds to tell us that she or it addressed the envoy of the saint, and told him that she had been in and under the sea for three hundred years, adding that she would turn up at a place called Larne on that day twelvemonth. When the time came the mermaid duly put in an appearance, and allowed herself to be taken in a net. Thousands of people witnessed the wonder, and "the next day two wild oxen came to the spot, and, being yoked to the chariot on which she was placed, they bore her to *Leach Debesq*, where she was baptized by Cumghall with the name of *Muir gen*, or Born of the Sea."

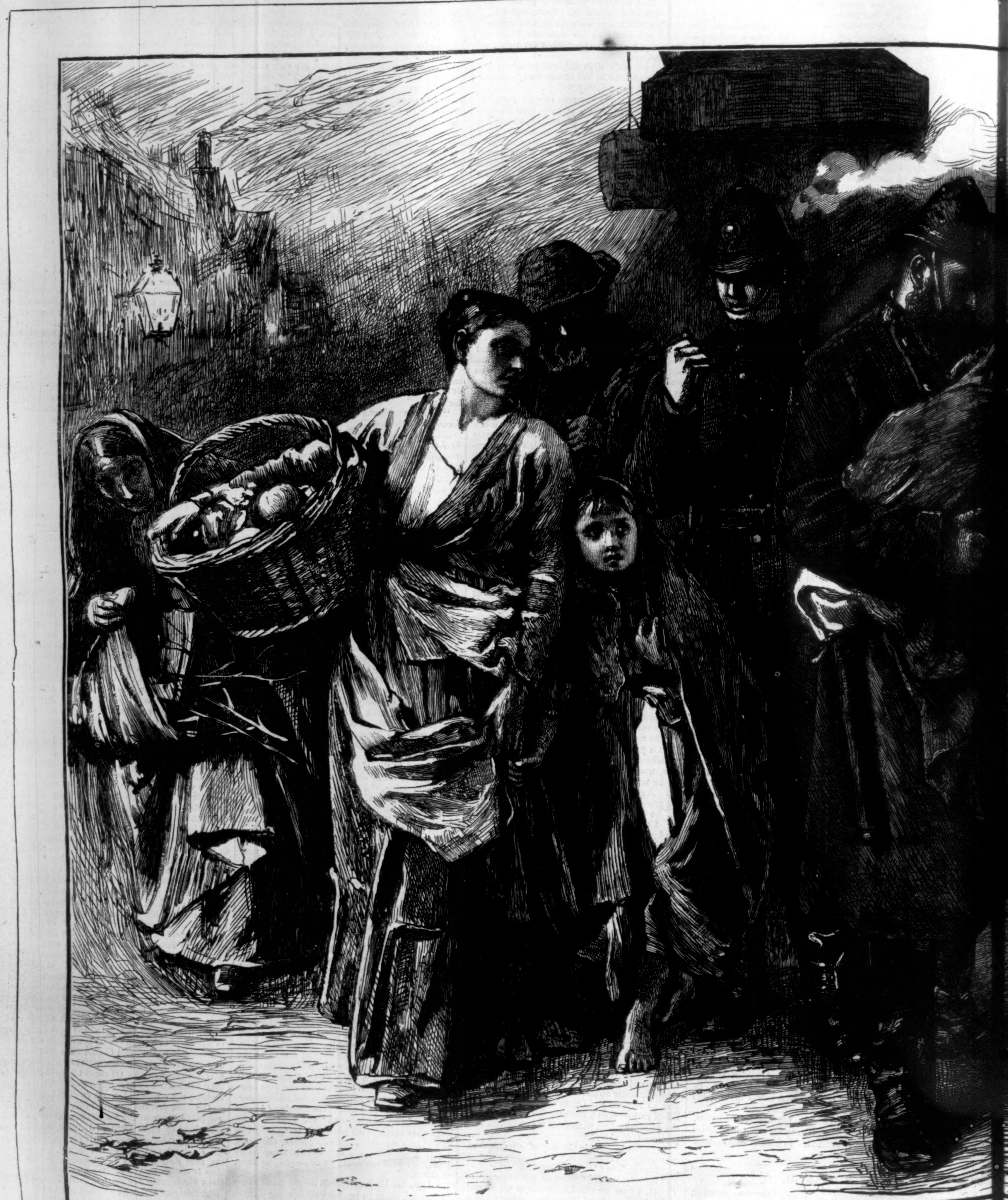
Of genuine Undine legends there are not many in Ireland, those to be met with bearing distinct traces of literary artifice. It should be known that there are as many mock fairy tales and stories invented for tourists on the Shannon, at Killarney, in Connemara, as there are sham relics sold at Waterloo to credulous visitors. But the genuine folk-lore is easily recognizable. As a matter of fact, however, the old-world stories are rapidly dying out. Fairies are kittle cattle, and will not flourish in the neighborhood of railway stations, national schools, or even in the vicinity of such evidences of progress and civilization as Union work-houses. The present race of Irish farmers and laborers are so few in number that they must work hard from morning until night to meet the demands of the landlords and earn the high wages necessary to pay for high-priced provisions. In the old Paddy-go-easy times there was leisure for holding the wake at length, for the "pattern," or festival of the patron saint, for gatherings by the fireside when legends of the good people were remembered, exchanged, and perpetuated. And it is impossible not to think also that the climate has something to do with this decay or disappearance of the picturesque folk-lore. Whether from the cutting down of timber, for reasons afterward explained in the Landed Estates' Court, from the effects of the Gulf Stream, from whatever cause, the climate of the island has grown moist and more moist, and the beautiful May mornings, the gray summer twilights, the bright moonlights when elves would show themselves, the O'Donoghue come up from his lake dwelling to the rippling top of the mere, the merrow comb her flowing hair in the smooth sea bays, the wee folk trip it round the rath and in the green glimmering glades of the wood, such seasons are now as much things of the past in Ireland as potatoes without blight.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

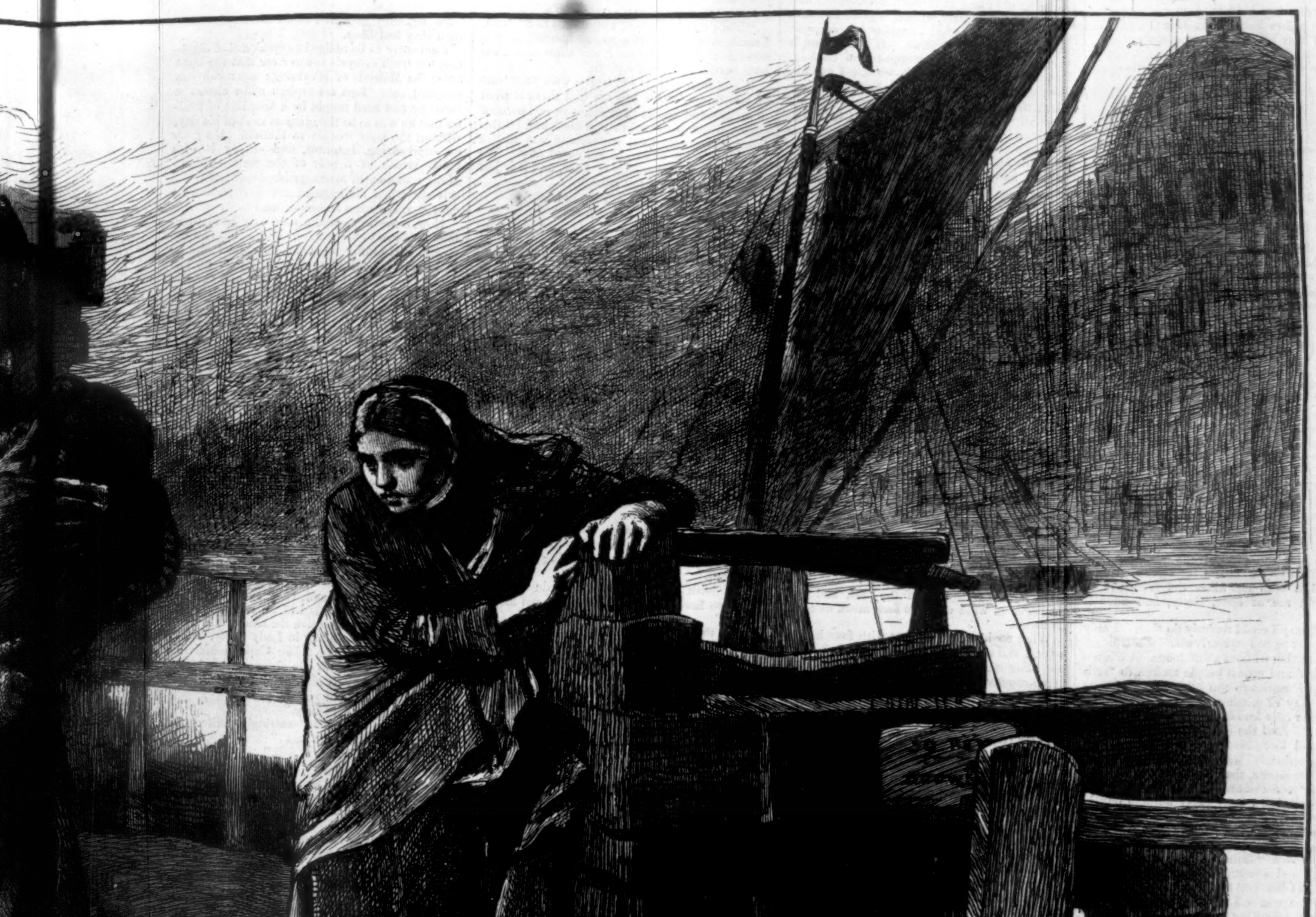
A little more than a century and a half ago a benevolent English sea-captain, Thomas Coram, who had retired from active service upon a moderate fortune, was greatly distressed in his daily walks about London at the sight of infants left exposed in the public streets. Having come to the conclusion that the desertion and destruction of children was attributable to the want of proper means for preventing the disgrace and succoring the necessities of their parents, he set heartily to work to provide a refuge to which wretched mothers might carry their offspring, and themselves be enabled to return to a virtuous and honest life. In this benevolent and praiseworthy undertaking the honest captain met with unexpected and disheartening opposition. Society, in its terrible determination to discountenance immorality, shrank from doing any thing to alleviate the misery of the outcast mother of an illegitimate child; nor was the law more merciful. It was considered so necessary to uphold the sanctity of marriage that society and the law alike refused to do any thing to save the innocent offspring of sin from falling a prey to the misery, wretchedness, and immorality of their parents. Nearly twenty years elapsed before the good old sea-captain had obtained subscriptions sufficient for founding a hospital, when a wing of the building now known as the "Foundling Hospital" was erected in London. It was announced that at eight o'clock on a certain evening twenty children, all for whom there were then accommodations, would be received; that the persons bringing them should come in at the outer door and ring a bell at the inner door, and not go away until notice was given of reception; that no questions whatever should be asked of any person bringing a child; and that to each child should be affixed some distinguishing mark or token, that it might be afterward known if necessary. These tokens, many of which are still preserved, mostly consisted of small silver coins, crosses, lockets, empty purses, doggerel verses pinned to the infant's clothes, and mottoes supposed to be appropriate to the forlorn condition of the poor little waif.

The number of applicants increased so rapidly after the opening of the institution that painful scenes were soon presented at the doors, where sometimes a hundred women might be seen struggling and fighting for precedence. A plan was then devised for receiving the children by ballot, but this did not remedy the evil, all kinds of fraud being practiced to place the little things in the hospital. Fifteen years after the opening of the institution notice was given that exposed and abandoned young children from all parts of the country would be admitted, money for their support being guaranteed by Parliament. The first day on which this was announced a basket was hung outside the hospital gates, and 117 children were deposited as claimants of government support. It was soon found that parents with large families resorted to this easy means of reducing their anxieties and expenses. The conveyance of helpless children from remote country districts, and their consignment, dead or alive, to the hospital, became a distinct branch of the carrier's trade, work-houses were emptied of pauper infants, newly born children were taken from mothers who required parish relief, and within four months 15,000 infants were deposited in the hospital basket. The provisions for dealing with such continual claims were insufficient, and the precautions for preserving life were but partially understood. Of these 15,000 foundlings only 4400 lived to be apprenticed. The refuge became not a hospital, but a charnel-house.

We have not the space to follow out the subsequent history of the institution founded by the exertions of good Captain Coram, or to trace the large development of his philanthropic idea in England and our own country. Extensive as that development has been, every one who has investigated the matter knows but too well how inadequate are all our provisions to check and mitigate the evils growing out of the abandonment of children. Such pathetic scenes as the one depicted in the double-page illustration in this Supplement are still of daily—we might almost say hourly—occurrence in the great cities of Christian England and America.



"NOBODY'S CHILD"—PICKED



KED ON THE DOCK.—[SEE PAGE 451.]

A SONG OF SPRING.

BEHOLD, it is the time of birth,
The glad renewal of the earth,
The glorious resurrection-day
Of every germ of life that lay
In the still darkness wrapped away!

To the blue zenith of the skies
Behold a sun of promise rise;
Look down upon the naked earth,
Crying unto the dead, Come forth,
And work the miracle of birth!

Lo! up from every hidden place
They come before his shining face;
Not in that body which was sown—
Yet every body may be known,
And every seed may claim his own.

For all that seemingly had died
Are only changed and glorified;
For God hath given unto them
A body as it pleased Him,
And that is bright which was grown dim.

So shall we stand forth, every one,
New-risen before the risen Son,
And in the body shall be known:
Not in that body which was sown—
Yet every seed shall claim his own.

Nor shall the old within the ground
Long moulder ere the new be found.
Here seed upon the earth we fling;
Through the drear winter wait for spring:
In heaven it is always spring.

THE RED LANCER.

I.

"Oh, ladies, beware of a false young knight
Who loves, and he rides away."

"CAN you give me ten minutes in my room, Fanny dear, before you dress for dinner?"

"Gracious, child, how you startle one! So like poor mamma. Her very tone. Don't you remember that we had always to 'give her ten minutes' when we were to be scolded?"

"I don't think I ever arrived at that dignity. You forget that I was hardly out of the nursery when poor mamma died. *I* was always scolded on the spot."

"Much the more satisfactory plan for both sides. It spares the victim the agonies of suspense, and it does not allow the grievance to cool. Scold me at once, Gerty, and have it over."

"*Scold* you; I could scarcely do that. I only want to speak to you seriously about something."

"A distinction without a difference. Children are 'scolded' and grown people spoken to 'seriously;' but it comes to the same thing. There is even a way of putting grown people in the corner if one only knows how. Go on, dearie; I'm ready." And the speaker folded her pretty arms, and looked so absurdly demure that "speaking seriously" was out of the question.

They were sisters, these two fair women, who stood in the recess of an oriel-window, while the red sun went down one breezy autumn day in the old country. It was not so long ago, as it seemed to the elder, since little Gerty had cried to be let sit up and see her in her ball dress; and now the whilom "little Gerty" (born Clanvyse) was a wife and a mother, and chaperoned Lady Fanny (still Clanvyse) to those festive gatherings of which she was still an ornament, though not disqualified, according to the dismal classic decree, from dancing attendance in a warmer climate upon those animals whose antics sometimes amuse us at the Zoo. Lady Gerty, whom that fair domain called mistress, as far as eye could see, was not to be compared in physical beauty to her sister; but oh, the perversity of man! She was snapped up in her very first season by the best *parti* in the county, though he was a commoner; and here she was, told to "go on," and "speak seriously" to her dead father's elder child.

Was it the fault of us "lords of the creation," as we call ourselves, that Lady Fanny remained unwedded? Truth to tell, it was not. She had refused two very promising offers, and she had suffered herself to be led into a most unpromising flirtation, the results of which are to be recorded in these pages. A man who, as the story went, had been struck out of his father's will, who had undoubtedly quarreled with his elder brother, who possessed four hundred a year, besides his pay as a captain of Lancers, spent two thousand, and owed twenty, can not be said to be otherwise than supremely "detrimental" when the lady from whom he has kept off all other suitors has her face for her fortune. And it was for such a man that Lady Fanny Clanvyse had remained Lady Fanny Clanvyse for four seasons.

There had been no engagement—nothing that the parties most interested considered as any thing like an engagement. The Red Lancer hated ladies' society as a rule, but he rode with Lady Fanny in the Row, and with no one else. He hated balls and dancing as a rule; but he would drop in after supper, and whirl her off in a galop, to the disgust of abandoned partners. And he danced with no one else. There was not much in this, but it set people talking; and when people talk, you know what follows. Lady Fanny was foolish enough, but not half so foolish as her friends made her out to be. Had they known what passed in a certain dimly lit conservatory, where the air was heavy with the aroma of flowers, and the silence made musical by the plash of a hidden fountain—where, Heaven knows how, those ungloved hands met—where for one mad, happy moment he drew her to his side, and the touch of lips thrilled them both to the heart's core—there would have been an awful scandal; but no one was there to tell.

Was the Red Lancer a scoundrel? I never was good at ethics, and decline to argue the point from what is, no doubt, the proper point of view. D'Arcy Melville was one of those men who are morally incapable of saying "no" to a friend, or of *thinking* "no" to themselves when it would deny them a pleasure. He had no more hope of marrying Lady Fanny than he had of paying his debts; but had he known that the moment in which he pressed that golden head to his bosom, and touched those trembling lips, must be his last on earth, he would not have drawn back. The spell was on him, but not the spell of passion. Let us do him this justice. If you know that a man can become weak and tender at the touch of a half-yielded hand, and lose in the soft contact all that is gross in man's nature, reverencing what he makes his own, you can understand what I mean. If you do not, it is no earthly use my attempting to explain. This for male creatures. To women I say nil. They will feel for poor Lady Fanny in their hearts, though of course wild horses would not tear from them a public avowal that a lady who was kissed in a conservatory by one who was not to be her husband could be any thing but "dreadful" in the highest degree.

When Lady Fanny woke next morning, and realized that it was not a dream, she was very happy. D'Arcy Melville paced his room all night, and slept not. His elder brother, a delicate boy, had been kept at home and toadied, while he went to a public school and was bullied. They never got on together. They had nothing in common, not even their parents' love; for D'Arcy, the handsome scape-grace, was the darling of both. And he would have been well-to-do in the world—extravagant as he was—but for an alteration in a codicil, intended only to alter an unimportant legacy, but which had the effect of revoking the will. Hence the amiable story that his father had disinherited him. No one intimate with the truth supposed that the new Sir Claud Melville would shirk the well-known wishes of his sire; and indeed he made up his little narrow mind to fulfill them, but he expressed his intention in such offensive terms, and made it dependent upon such unbrotherly conditions, that the Red Lancer threw his letter into the fire, and left it unanswered. This was before the conservatory scene we wot of; and one of the first thoughts that crossed D'Arcy's troubled brain as he paced his room that night was, that he had been a fool. Ah, dear ones, so it is! For you, the first kiss of love opens happy vistas of what you *will be*. For us, too often it raises the veil of the past, and bitter memories of what we *have been* mock us amidst its thrills.

What could a Red Lancer with four hundred a year, and owing twenty thousand, do? Go to the altar *via* the Bankruptcy Court, and take a ten-roomed house in Camberwell? Hardly. Write to Lady Fanny, and say that it was all a mistake? Hardly. Brave it out, and rely upon the common-sense of her family to supply an excuse for retreat? No. He loved her, and with all his faults, he was a man. He had not many ideas, and the first and the last was to do that before Lady Fanny which he would have scorned to do before an army in position—viz., to run away, and leave things to come to rights somehow. He had great faith in things coming right *somehow*. Once he had lost eleven thousand upon a Derby, and pulled it all back on the Ascot Cup. "Double your stake and go on," had been his maxim on many a board of green cloth, and his luck had turned. *How* things were to come right about Lady Fanny he did not stop to inquire.

He was one of her majesty's hard bargains, this Red Lancer. He passed most of his time on leave. There were some who pretended that the regiment did not degenerate during his repeated absences. They were jealous of the favors he received, perhaps. He got six months, and left for Norway in the yacht of his friend Watt Severn. Before he had caught his tenth salmon, the fashionable world was informed through its favorite organ that a marriage was on the *tapis* between the Marquis of Weybridge and Lady Fanny Clanvyse, the lovely and accomplished daughter of the late Earl Bridgetown.

Now, when a gentleman is told that his lady loves and will marry him, it is not, I am given to understand, unusual for some such passage as took place in that dim conservatory between Lady Fanny and the Red Lancer to follow. Sometimes the two operations are performed simultaneously; and there are even instances in which their order is reversed without offense. But for a gentleman to kiss and run away! Fie upon him! If he had called next day, made a clean breast of his position, and asked poor Fanny to forgive and forget him, he would have been forgiven; but it would have cost her a hard struggle to forget. As it was, the course of true love ran smooth with the noble Marquis, as it should run with a man of three-and-twenty, who had a castle in Scotland, a park in the shires, a place in Wales, a mansion in Belgrave Square, and about fifty pounds a waking hour to spend. It ran with the Red Lancer—well, as it *should* run with a man who runs away.

Having made these necessary explanations, return we to the two ladies. It is not so easy to "speak seriously" to your elder sister, even when she tells you she is ready. Gerty was rather taken aback. She preferred to have it out, as she first proposed, in her room; in the first place, because she had not made up her mind how to begin; and in the second, because baby was there. Baby, the crown of her matronhood, would help her to be serious. In presence of that morsel of humanity, half smothered in lace and pink flannel, she could feel like a general dictating terms at the head of a victorious army. But Fanny knew the advantage of fighting upon neutral ground, and declined the combat otherwise than at the present time and place. Then Gerty told her that the Red Lancer had not only come back and rejoined his regiment at the town, not ten miles distant, but that her (Gerty's) husband, who knew about as much of London scandal as a fox-hound, had invited him to shoot next week, and, "Oh, Fanny dear," she said, "if there was any thing between you that could make Weybridge unhappy, confide in me, and let us see what can be done."

"There was not any thing, as you call it, between us."

"Fanny, when I told you he had returned, you went deadly pale, and now your cheeks are burning. Truth, Fanny, truth; you did like—you did love D'Arcy Melville once?"

"Well, I did—there!"

"Then there is one of two things to be done. I must either get Philip to put him off, or you must go to the Thraytons; you know they have been boring you to visit them."

"You dear serious old Gerty, with your 'one of two things,' don't you see that there is what those dreadful people in Parliament call *a third course*, which is to stand my ground, and let this *brave sabreur* see that, whatever I was foolish enough to think of him, I am cured now. We shall have to meet sooner or later, and it is just as well to bell the cat at once."

"Fanny, Fanny, you are imprudent!"

"Gerty, Gerty, you are a goose!"

If baby had been there, Gerty would have resented being called a goose.

"Besides," continued the elder sister, "only consider what the man would think if I am to shirk him; putting him off is out of the question, as that would involve telling Philip."

"You haven't a better friend in the world than my husband," said Gerty, proudly.

"I know, dear; but you must admit that in such a case as this he would act like an amiable bull in a china shop, and bring us all to grief, with the kindest and best intentions."

And indeed discretion was not one of Philip Bouchier's many virtues. Big of heart as he was stalwart of body, there would have been trouble with the Red Lancer had he known one-half his misdeeds, and this would have been sadly compromising to his sister-in-law.

"Have you told Weybridge?" asked the defeated one, after a pause.

"Told him what?"

"Why, that there was—that you and Captain Melville—you know what I mean, Fanny, so don't try to put me out by looking so absurdly innocent."

"I have not mentioned Captain Melville's name to Lord Weybridge, and I do not mean to do so."

"Is that fair?"

"What on earth would you have me tell him? Did you tell Philip of every man who flirted with you?"

"No one ever flirted with me, Fanny."

"You did not give them time. Seriously, there is nothing to tell, so make your dear little mind happy."

But Gerty was not happy. There was a dash of recklessness in her sister's manner that she did not like.

"Perhaps," she added, coming back to the charge, "he would not come if he knew you were here—for his own sake."

"For his own sake!" repeated Fanny, opening wide her great violet eyes.

"Exactly. If he still cares for you, to see Weybridge spooning as he does would not be pleasant."

"*I don't intend that it shall be*," said the Lady Fanny.

II.—VÆ VICTIS.

I think that the wise little matron was right when she said perhaps the Red Lancer would not come if he knew he should meet his old love. That sort of meeting is more embarrassing for a man than a woman. The man, you see, has *to begin*—has to say or do something to show that he is, or is not, sulky; or is, or is not, glad; or is, or is not, utterly indifferent about it. The lady has only to retire into that much-neglected but strong citadel, silence, to baffle or provoke explanations, just as it may suit her. When—driving himself in the dog-cart that had been sent for him to the station—Captain D'Arcy Melville passed the croquet ground, and received a merry little nod from the golden head which for a moment had nestled on his heart in that fatal conservatory, he was so troubled in his mind that he drove into a flower bed, dropped his cigar into his lap, and burned a big hole in his trowsers.

Was it possible that his flight was not understood, or, if understood, unresented? More strange still, was it possible that the conduct which led to his flight was not understood, or, if understood, unresented? He hated himself for harboring such a thought; yet there was the outraged damsel patching the broken turf with her mallet, and chaffing—actually chaffing—him for his awkwardness. Why had he not let the groom drive? she asked. And for six months he had been eating his heart in remorse for the wrong he had done her!

Yes; the dashing soldier, the boon companion, the keen sportsman, who was to have been the life and soul of that yachting party, turned out a bore—as is every man in love. A pair of sweet violet eyes haunted him, sometimes sad and dim with tears, sometimes flashing with scorn; and he had come home more in love than ever. Talk of first love! "the maiden passion for a maid," as the Laureate has it; that is milk-and-water in comparison with the strong self-accusing, self-tormenting passion of a man whose heart, hardened by contact with such society as the Red Lancer had affected, is touched by the love of a pure woman. Often and often had he assured himself that the best thing he had to live for was to see those dear eyes undimmed by sorrow, unlit by anger; to know that he was forgiven, and she was happy. What he saw on the croquet lawn, and was told later on in the smoking-room, ought to have afforded him supreme satisfaction; but it didn't.

She was engaged to the Marquis of Weybridge. She introduced the Red Lancer to her future lord without a tremble in her voice or a blush upon her cheek. She called him D'Arcy, as heretofore; she questioned him about his voyage to Norway, and observed how jolly it must have been! She said she would make Weybridge take her to Norway next year, and would D'Arcy come too, and show them the way? Never did fair lady seem more bright and gay; and her future lord noticed with delight that those attentions which Lady Gerty had called his "spooning" were suddenly accepted much more graciously than they had been.

I am sorry to be obliged to speak evil of dignities, but truth compels me to state that the most noble the Marquis of Weybridge was a cub—an unlicked cub. Left an orphan when almost a baby, he had been taught by a long line of toadies that he was to be the greatest man of his day, without the least trouble to himself. He grew up overbearing, ignorant, and—I say it with bated breath of a peer of the realm—vulgar. Many a mother of marriageable daughters found this out when his engagement to a portionless damsel, three years his senior, was made public.

Now, however sincere a man may be in wishing happiness to the woman he loves but can not marry, it is asking too much to expect him to like her more fortunate suitor. Under no circumstances could Lord Weybridge and Captain Melville have got on well together; but in an evil hour the noble Marquis, who set up for a wit, and could not get on without a butt, elected the grave and silent Lancer to that honorable post, and took the inevitable consequences. Never was man so thoroughly "sat upon," and never was man so happily ignorant of the fact.

One day, having parried a clumsy assault with a few quiet cutting words, the Red Lancer happened to catch Lady Fanny's eye, and thenceforward he never replied.

Poor Lady Fanny! The part she had assumed, the part that had promised such gratification to her wounded pride, was becoming cruelly hard to play, because she had played it so successfully. It is very nice to see your arrows go plump, one after another, into the "gold," but suppose that gold is the breast of a man you have not ceased to love, and the echo of the first dull thud tells you that he has not ceased to love you, what then? Patient and pale, the Red Lancer took his punishment, remained and took it; "for," thought he, "it will do me good." He had not the wit to perceive the truth. He found, unknown to him, an ally in Lady Gerty.

"You know I don't like Captain Melville," that lady observed to her sister; "but I think you are too hard on him. Surely Weybridge is rude enough without your help."

"I am not rude, Gerty."

"No, you are worse—cuttingly polite. Has he ever referred to the past?"

"Never, and he never will."

"I wonder he stays on. He scarcely ever shoots; he doesn't make himself agreeable to any one, and I am sure people do not make themselves particularly agreeable to him—poor fellow!"

"I won't have him called 'poor fellow,' Gerty."

"I say that because he is evidently ill. Don't you think he looks much older?"

"We all look older as we get old."

"You know what I mean, Fanny."

"He smokes too many cigars. He mopes about the grounds all day, and smokes; I hate a man who mopes. Why can't he hit back at me, as he used to hit back at Weybridge?" cried Fanny, petulantly, stamping her little foot.

"Perhaps he doesn't think it worth while," replied the young matron; and so the conversation ended, but it left its sting. Fanny did not require her sister to tell her that her old lover was looking haggard and older, and oh, how courteous and noble he was! He did not "hit back" at the noisy bumptious Marquis now. One little look which said, "It pains me to see the man who is to be my husband so put down," and he had lowered his arms. The aggressor's blows fell with impunity. "For my sake, for my sake!" mused poor Fanny. "Oh, if he would only call me a little heartless beast, and box my ears!"

The shooters were sometimes honored by an invitation to the ladies' five-o'clock tea, and on one of these occasions Lord Weybridge burst out with,

"Oh, you fellows, come here and see my new smoking-cap."

Lady Fanny was embroidering one of those useful articles, and perhaps she had begun it as a present to her future lord, but she did not like his claiming it as his own before presentation in this confident style, so she said, "Who told you it was for you?"

"No one; but of course it is."

"I don't know that."

"I know it is not for any one else," he replied, harshly, with a look on his face that Fanny had not seen there before, and which made her shiver.

"How do you know it is not for a fancy fair?"

"If it is, I'll buy it if it costs a thousand. So it will be mine all the same."

"I wish you would not talk so much about your money," she said in a low voice, bending over her work; "it isn't good form."

"Wait till you have the spending of some of it. You'll find it deuced good form then; ha, ha, ha! Come, let me try it on;" and he held out his hand for the cap.

"I tell you it is not—that is, *perhaps* it is not for you."

"How comes the 'perhaps?'"

"I will tell you. Philip says he wants a big bag to-morrow, as he has promised to send away a lot of game. So this cap of honor" (holding it coquettishly to the light) "is to be the prize for the best sportsman. In those dear olden times it would have been given to the champion who killed most giants and enchanters, and rescued most damsels in distress, but in this degenerate age it will be the property of him who slays most partridges."

"Then again I say it will be mine, for I'm the best shot here," said his modest lordship.

"That you certainly are not," interrupted bluff Philip Bouchier, who had overheard the loud boast.

"Oh, I give in to you; you're always at it. I spoke of your guests."

"Melville is, out and out, the best shot here."

"Why, he gives up at twelve o'clock, and loafs off to a farm-house to drink cider."

"That proves that he doesn't care much for shooting, but not that he isn't a good shot."

The subject was brought up again after dinner, when the Red Lancer was present.

"I don't see exactly how the thing is to be decided," he said.

"Sorry for you," replied the Marquis. "The prize is for the best shot; any fool can count the bag."

"It does not follow that the man who kills most birds is the best shot."

"I suppose you'd have it go to whoever kills least. You'd be all right then—ha, ha, ha!" roared the Marquis.

"A man," continued the Red Lancer, "goes out with three guns and two keepers to load for him—"

"Meaning me," interrupted the Marquis.

"He fires away a hundred cartridges hap-hazard, and he bags thirty brace," pursued Melville, taking no notice of the interruption. "Another carries and loads his own piece, and kills, say, twenty, with fifty shots. Which is the better sportsman?"

"I don't see why a man shouldn't have extra guns and loaders if he can afford them; if he can't, so much the worse for him," was his lordship's sulky reply.

"Exactly," said Captain Melville, a little bitterly; "that is the rule every where—so much the worse for the poor man."

"But I will have you all start equal," said Lady Fanny. "I'm sure it is very unfair to have three guns. Isn't it, Philip? Do you like three guns?"

"No, dear, but—"

"Then if you don't, no one shall—at least, not to-morrow. Say they shall not, Gerty."

"Oh, I will have nothing to do with it; I only want plenty of game," replied the lady of the house. "I've promised at least fifty brace, and I'm a lost woman if they are not forth-coming."

"Then, as I give the prize, I shall make the rules. You are each to have *one* gun and *one* cartridge."

Every body laughed.

"That will provide a magnificent bag of two brace and a half, if none of them miss," said Philip.

"How tiresome you are! Well, how many cartridges do you each want?"

"Say fifty."

"Well, whoever shoots away his fifty quickest—will that do?"

"Hardly. Look here, Fan; you make the cap, and I'll settle the rules," said her brother-in-law.

"Oh yes, do."

"All right. We toss up for beats; every man carries and loads his own gun, and has fifty cartridges to begin with; whoever kills most birds with least shots wins the prize. Is that fair?"

All agreed that it was.

"Fifty cartridges isn't enough," observed the Marquis.

"If any one wants more he can have them, but you are all on your honor to declare how many you have expended. Now, who enters? You, Weybridge, of course."

"Oh, of course."

"And you, Burbidge and Nelson?"

"I don't mind," said each.

"Melville, you'll go in?"

"What for?"

"Why, Lady Fanny's prize. Haven't you been listening?"

"No; not to what you have been saying lately."

"Never mind; I'll answer for you. You do go in, and Colonel Smart makes the fifth, all told."

"And yourself six," said Lady Fanny.

"Oh, *I* don't care to enter," replied the host.

"Then I withdraw the prize," said the lady, quickly.

She thought she had got out of a scrape rather cleverly by inventing the prize myth, but that look of her future lord, full of threat and jealousy, troubled her. She knew what a thorough sportsman her brother-in-law was, and hoped that he would relieve her of all difficulty by winning. Why had he forced the Red Lancer in? It was so like Philip—always blundering with the very best intentions.

"Besides," she continued, "I don't like odd numbers. You never go all together, and how can you divide five fairly?"

"True for you, Fan. Well, I'll go in."

"And do your best? I will have no favor."

"And do my best. What a little tyrant it is!" the Squire replied, laughing.

When the ladies were about to retire for the night, Lord Weybridge took his *fiancée* apart, and said,

"I dare say you think this freak of yours very charming, young lady; but don't repeat it, that's all."

"Look here, Henry. This is the second time you have given me that glance, and spoken in that tone of voice. To use your own words, *don't repeat it*, that's all."

"I am sorry my looks and tones don't suit you. Is there any thing else you have to complain of?" he asked, with a sneer.

"Yes, there is. I don't like your being so—what they call 'bumptious' with every body. There is not a man in the house to whom you are commonly civil; and as to your conduct toward Captain Melville—"

"Well, let's have it. What about my conduct to Captain Melville?"

"It is simply ungentlemanly," she replied, with heightened color and sparkles in her violet eyes.

"So! you are going to make yourself that fellow's champion?"

"He needs no champion."

"A supercilious beggar! I hate him."

"So it seems."

"Yes; and I intend to let it *seem* a good bit more before I'm done with him. As we are on likes and dislikes, is it true what I heard to-day, that he used to be playing the fool with you?"

"A question so elegantly put demands consideration, Lord Weybridge. To-morrow I shall be delighted to answer it, and any others that your good taste may lead you to put."

"Come, Fanny, don't be cross. Good-night. Shake hands."

She let him take her hand, and, but for his coarse nature, he would have felt how cold it was, and how it trembled.

III.—GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

The portentous day that was to see the great shooting-match for Lady Fanny's gift dawned pretty much as other days have dawned. The competitors tossed for beats and companions, and all the luck was with the noble Marquis. Not only was the best beat but the worst shot assigned to him, while the Red Lancer was paired with Philip Bouchier, whose eye there was no chance of "wiping" when single birds got up. Every man was placed upon his honor as to the number of cartridges he used, and they were all to meet for luncheon at a certain wood where the beats joined. A little boy—Willie Burbidge, son and heir of one of the competitors—begged hard to be allowed to follow, and see the sport; and thanks to the intercession of the Red Lancer, who was very popular with children, his prayer was partly granted. He was to come out with the luncheon cart, and "I say, Captain Melville," pleaded this precocious sportsman, "if you ask William, he'd let me drive where the road is straight, and there isn't any thing coming along."

I do not know if William was complaisant. Perhaps he was not; for the luncheon cart arrived safely and to its time, when the following state of the poll was declared:

Lord Weybridge	27	head with	31	cartridges.
Mr. Burbidge	17	"	28	"
Mr. Philip Bouchier	25	"	30	"
Captain Melville	26	"	29	"
Sir Charles Nelson	20	"	26	"
Colonel Smart	23	"	34	"

From which it will appear that the principals had been shooting very steadily. The noble Marquis had the heaviest bag, but the lightest pouch; Philip Boucher had missed five shots, and the Red Lancer three. He would have had one more bird but for an accident.

Now the noble Marquis, with his habit of shooting with three guns and two loaders, was wont to expend a good deal of powder and shot upon the ambient air. He had "wiped the eye" of his companion on several occasions, and had rarely missed himself. On the whole, he flattered himself that he had done splendidly. He was not pleased, therefore, to find that he was only one bird to the good over the man whose capacity as a gunner he had so often sneered at. "I wouldn't give a curse," he observed, with his usual good taste, "for a fellow who draws only where he is sure—he'd make a good gamekeeper, that's all." His lordship was pleased to make himself disagreeable in other ways, and took, perhaps, rather more curaçoa than was good for him.

When luncheon was over, and they had lit their cigars, little Willie Burbidge sidled up to the Red Lancer, and whispered,

"I say, give us a cartridge."

"What for?"

"To make a devil."

(A devil, dear ladies, is a sort of humble firework much esteemed by small boys. You get some gunpowder, wet it, and pinch it up into the form of a pastil. When dry, you light the point, and it fizzes away, throwing out sparks which generally fall upon your clothes and burn them. For this reason there is sometimes a difference of opinion between juveniles and their parents and guardians as to the use of this pyrotechnic.)

"I'll give you one when we get home," said the Red Lancer.

"Oh, but I want it now," persisted the boy.

"Then want must be your master, sonny; cartridges are valuable to-day—stop, though; I think I can let you have one, after all," pursued the good-natured soldier, bethinking himself of the accident before mentioned, by which he had lost the chance of killing a partridge; "one that missed fire."

"What does that mean?"

"Wouldn't go off—here it is."

"But then it is no use," pleaded Willie, accepting it with indifference.

"No use to *me*," Melville replied, rising and taking up his gun.

"May I venture to inquire," said Lord Weybridge, "whether that absurd rule limiting us to fifty shots is to be persisted in?"

"No limit was fixed. We agreed to start with fifty; you can have as many more as you please. I shall draw another two dozen, and I advise you to do the same," answered his host.

"That reminds me," observed the Red Lancer, "that one of mine missed fire. Of course I can have another?"

"Oh, of course," replied two or three voices.

"I don't see that," Lord Weybridge broke in; "a miss is a miss, anyhow."

"Well, it is not worth discussing," said Melville, carelessly.

"I wonder why you mentioned it, then," sneered the noble Marquis; "when men are on their honor there should be no hanky-panky."

"I am sorry I *did* mention it, but after that last observation I must persist. Do you remember, Bouchier, when we were doubling the hedgerow by the willows, and a single bird got up my side?"

"Yes, you killed."

"With my left-hand barrel; the first missed fire."

"Well, then there is, of course, an end of the question, as you say so," replied the Squire. "Here, Baker" (this is to the head-keeper), "give Captain Melville a cartridge, and don't count it."

"So that he is to have fifty-one to our fifty?" said Lord Weybridge.

"I am sure that Captain Melville will return the miss fire if you wish it, my lord," replied his host; "but really, among gentlemen—"

"I haven't got it to return," said the Red Lancer, flushing slightly; "but if—"

The noble Marquis gave a long whistle, rose, and threw away his cigar. If he had said, "The man is a liar, and trying to cheat," he could not have expressed his meaning more clearly. The Red Lancer rose too, and sauntered away, merely observing, "I suppose you don't want to begin again just yet." A few minutes afterward he was seen walking with little Willie, and, as ill luck would have it, they passed round the wood to a stile where Lord Weybridge had found a place to repose, enjoying another cigar. The Red Lancer had told the boy to "run away like a good sonny;" and what passed was known only to the two men, until Melville was overheard to say, in a loud voice, "This is not to be endured, my lord. As you *will* have it—there!" A sharp report followed, and the Marquis fell to the ground weltering in his blood!

"On purpose!" cried Lady Fanny. "Shot him on purpose! Oh, impossible! D'Arcy—Captain Melville—do you hear what they say? Why are you silent? For Heaven's sake, speak!"

"There has been too much speaking already; stand aside, dear," said her brother-in-law, "and let us pass. Asking questions will do no good now. Run on to the house and tell your sister. Will that doctor never come?"

Lady Fanny, walking in the park, had seen at a distance the return of the shooting-party much earlier than usual, and wondering what it could be that was carried so carefully and slowly upon a hurdle, went out of her way to meet them. There she saw the man she was to marry stretched to all appearance dead, and heard that the man she loved had murdered him!

Things looked very black for Captain D'Arcy Melville.

"He has killed me, the villain!—he has killed me!" gasped Lord Weybridge, before he fainted with pain and loss of blood; and the former's angry words, "As you *will* have it—there!" spoken just before the shot, were terribly suggestive of premeditation. When the doctor had dressed the wound, and the general confusion and excitement had a little passed away, it was found that the Red Lancer had gone. Things looked blacker still.

He had received (so he said in a hasty note he left for his host) an important telegram calling him at once to his brother. He would return in a day or two at the latest. Would they telegraph to him hourly, if there was danger, the condition of the wounded man?

Now the state of affairs between Captain Melville and his elder brother was pretty well known. Was this a time to run off about money differences? When had he received this "important telegram?" One of the servants stated that it had been given to him that morning. "What! before we went out shooting?" Yes, just as the Captain was leaving the house. Blacker and blacker! The business was not so pressing, then, as to stop his day's sport.

At first, hearty Philip Bouchier would not hear a word against his friend. It was an accident; purely and simply an accident, such as had often happened in the shooting-field. But this sudden flight? Why, good Heavens, common humanity should have made him stay and see if the poor fellow was to live or die!

The wound was a frightful one, but not of itself mortal. Imagine a charge of shot going like a ball—as it would at a distance of only five yards—through a man's shoulder. "With his constitution, he *may* pull round," said the doctors, "if kept perfectly quiet." But he would not be quiet. "Is that villain in custody?" was his first question on regaining consciousness; and the answer threw him into a state of anger that made the bleeding burst out afresh. Nothing short of the sight of a warrant for Captain Melville's apprehension would quiet him.

The shooting-party was broken up; the guests all left; and you may suppose that Philip Bouchier, his wife, and her sister had little time or heart to read newspapers; otherwise they would have read the following paragraph:

"We regret to have to record the decease of Sir Claud Melville, of Thorburn, well known and respected for his labors in connection with the education movement. The deceased gentleman was born in the year 1841, and was consequently in the prime of life. He died after a few hours' illness, at the family seat, and, we are glad to add, was attended in his last moments by his only brother, Captain D'Arcy Melville, who succeeds to the baronetcy and estates."

The first telegram sent to Thorburn ran:

"Wound not mortal. Come back."

The second:

"No immediate danger. For your own sake, come back."

This was followed by a letter in which Bouchier narrated what had passed with regard to the warrant, and added, "If you come back and stay here, it need not be enforced. For God's sake, D'Arcy, come and face it out."

When the third post arrived and brought no answer, honest Philip made a gesture of disgust, and said, "I give him up." Every one gave him up except Lady Fanny.

"I *won't* believe him guilty," she pleaded; "it is not in his nature to do such a thing. There is some horrible misunderstanding or accident somewhere. It's no use asking me where or how—there *is*." She lost her high spirits and her good looks; she grew thin and wan.

"Poor thing, how she suffers for my lord!" said the servants.

"I did not think you cared so much for him, dear," said her sister one day; "but, thank Heaven, the worst is over, and I dare say you will be allowed to see him in a day or two."

Poor Fanny smiled—the ghost of her once sunny smile. I am bound to declare that it was not anxiety about Lord Weybridge which paled her fair cheek.

With his bodily strength, the strength of the noble Marquis's hatred for the Red Lancer, and his desire to prosecute him as a criminal, increased. There was no help for it now; the warrant had to be placed in the hands of the police for execution. Their first idea was to seek the accused at Thorburn. Yes; Sir D'Arcy had been there, but only for a few hours. He seemed terribly affected by his brother's death; quite "dazed like," an old servant said. He had left the house on foot late at night, without any luggage. The funeral took place in his absence. No one knew what had become of him. The trained detectives soon got on his track. A gentleman without a hat, who talked very wildly, had gone by the mail train to Fixby Junction; and at the dismal hotel of that dismal place—a mere meeting of railways on a bleak moor in the north of England—they found the Red Lancer. Hiding from the law? Not quite! Burned up with brain fever; raving so violently in his delirium that at times it took three strong men to hold him down on his bed. How long had he been there? Well, it would be a fortnight come Tuesday.

"Have you noticed any change in Willie lately?" Mrs. Burbidge asked her husband one night.

"Yes, I have. He seems low and mopish. Can he be sickening for any complaint?"

"Dr. Stevens saw him yesterday, and says there is nothing the matter. Let us go up and see him."

So up they went; and although it was past eleven o'clock, Willie was awake, and there were marks of tears upon his face and little pillow.

"Willie, my man, don't you feel well?" asked the father.

"I'm quite well, papa."

"But you've been crying."

"Yes, papa."

"And what has made you unhappy?"

"Nothing, papa."

"Come, come, Willie; that's not true."

"Well, papa, I was thinking of what a boy said to-day."

"Tell me what he said."

"He said that Captain Melville was a bad man, and—and—deserved to be hanged," gasped Willie; "and he's *not*—he's *not*—he's *not!*"

"Hush, my darling! hush!" said the mother, taking the little face, down which the tears were streaming, to her bosom. "Hush, Willie!—Captain Melville was very kind to him, and he feels it, poor child," she added in a low voice to her husband.—"Don't cry, Willie."

"I *must* cry with you, mamma, but don't tell. As for that boy, when I'm big, if I don't give it him!" said the child, his eyes flashing through his tears.

"The best thing we can do, Willie, is not to talk about Captain Melville, or even think about him any more," said his father.

"Oh, papa, why not?"

"Because he has behaved very badly."

"He did not mean to hurt Lord Weybridge, papa."

"I hope he did not; anyhow, it is not for us to judge. But this he *has* done. He has shirked; he has not met his accusers like a man; he has not dared to stand out and tell the truth. That's bad, Willie. Let it be a lesson to you, my boy. Never shirk. The worst of all cowardice is moral cowardice; that is, not daring to tell the truth."

"I will tell the truth, papa, I *will*."

"That's my own sonny!"

"Oh, papa, don't look at me like that, as—if you loved me. I—I did it!"

"Willie!"

"Yes, papa, and I have shirked and hid the truth. Oh, do forgive me, do!"

"Have you been dreaming, my child?"

"No, no; let me hide my face and tell. Mammie darling, put your arm round me—tight. I will be brave; I'll tell all."

He sobbed so that it was some time before they could make out his story. It came to this. Captain Melville had given him a cartridge to make a devil, but said that it had missed fire. The boy, thinking that it would not serve his purpose, and eager for the sport he had in view, slyly changed that cartridge for one out of the keeper's bag, which he put in his pocket. But after luncheon Captain Melville had told him that he must return what he, the Captain, had given him, because the Marquis was making a fuss (so the Red Lancer put it) about the number of his shots. Willie, without dreaming of the consequences, reluctantly gave up his ill-gotten